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POETRY. The Death of Slavery, by W. C. Bryant, 2.

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THE DEATH OF SLAVERY.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

O THOU great Wrong, that, through the slow-
paced years,
Didst hold thy millions fettered, and didst
wield
The scourge that drove the laborer to the
field,
And look with stony eye on human tears,
Thy cruel reign is o'er;
Thy bondmen crouch no more
In terror at the menace of thine eye;
For He who marks the bounds of guilty
power,
Long-suffering, hath heard the captive's cry,
And touched his shackles at the appointed
hour,
And lo! they fall, and he whose limbs they
galled
Stands in his native manhood disenthralled.

A shout of joy from the redeemed is sent;
Ten thousand hamlets swell the hymn of
thanks;
Our rivers roll exulting, and their banks
Send up hosannas to the firmament.
Fields, where the bondman's toil
No more shall trench the soil,
Seem now to bask in a serenest day;
The meadow-birds sing sweeter, and the airs
Of heaven with more caressing softness play,
Welcoming man to liberty like theirs.
A glory clothes the land from sea to sea,
For the great land and all its coasts are free.

Within that land wert thou enthroned of late;
And they by whom the nation's laws were
made,
And they who filled its judgment-seats,
obeyed
Thy mandate, rigid as the will of fate.
Fierce men at thy right hand,
With gesture of command,
Gave forth the word that none might dare gain-
say;
And grave and reverend ones, who loved thee
not,
Shrank from thy presence, and, in blank dis-
may,
Choked down, unuttered, the rebellious
thought;
While meaner cowards, mingling with thy
train,
Proved from the book of God, thy right to
reign.

Great as thou wert, and feared from shore to
shore,
The wrath of God o'ertook thee in thy pride;
Thou sitt'st a ghastly shadow; by thy side

Thy once strong arms hang nerveless evermore.
And they who quailed but now
Before thy lowering brow
Devote thy memory to scorn and shame,
And scoff at the pale, powerless thing thou
art.
And they who ruled in thine imperial name,
Subdued, and standing sullenly apart,
Scowl at the hands that overthrew thy reign,
And shattered at a blow the prisoner's chain.

Well was thy doom deserved; thou didst not
spare
Life's tenderest ties, but cruelly didst part
Husband and wife, and from the mother's
heart
Didst wrest her children, deaf to shriek and
prayer;
Thy inner lair became
The haunt of guilty shame;
Thy lash dropped blood; the murderer, at thy
side,
Showed his red hands, nor feared the ven-
geance due.
Thou didst sow earth with crimes, and, far and
wide,
A harvest of uncounted miseries grew,
Until the measure of thy sins at last
Was full, and then the avenging bolt was cast.

Go, then, accursed of God, and take thy place
With baleful memories of the elder time,
With many a wasting pest and nameless
crime,
And bloody war that thinned the human race;
With the Black Death, whose way
Through wailing cities lay,
Worship of Moloch, tyrannies that built
The Pyramids, and cruel creeds that taught
To avenge a fancied guilt by deeper guilt, —
Death at the stake to those that held them
not.
Lo, the foul phantoms, silent in the gloom
Of the flown ages, part to yield thee room.

I see the better years that hasten by
Carry thee back into that shadowy past,
Where, in the dusty spaces, void and vast,
The graves of those whom thou hast murdered
lie.
The slave-pen, through whose door
Thy victims pass no more,
Is there, and there shall the grim block remain
At which the slave was sold: while at thy
feet
Scourges and engines of restraint and pain
Moulder and rust by thine eternal seat.
There, 'mid the symbols that proclaim thy
crimes,
Dwell thou, a warning to the coming times.

— *Atlantic Monthly.*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

GINEVRA DA SIENA.

"Meglio e morir che trarre
Selvaggia vita in solitudine, dove
A niun sei caro e di nessun ti cale."

Saul di Alfieri, scena 4, atto 1.

"Love is a greater lawe (by my pan)
Than may be yeven of any erthly man;
And therefore positif lawe, and swiche decree
Is broken all day for love in eche degree.
A man most nedes love maugre his head.
He may not fleen it, though he shuld be ded,
All be she maid or widewe or elles wif."

CHAUCER: *The Knights Tale.*

So then you've come at last, my own best friend,
My youth's friend — never friends like those of
youth!

I had not thought to see your face again,
Nor any human face that pitied me.
Now let me weep upon your breast; my heart,
Dried up within me, seems to swell again
At your soft touch of pity — let me weep!
My tears so long have burnt me, but these tears,
Like rain on withered grass, bring up again
The old spring greenness. Oh! at last, at last,
This passionate tension of my life gives way.
The desolating sand-spout whirled along
My desert life, and straining up for years
All feelings, thoughts, and hopes, breaks down
at last;

So, let me weep here — at your very feet;
Lift me not up — it soothes and calms me so.
See! what a poor, bruised, broken thing am I!
But you, dear Nina, knew me ere this brow
Was ruled with wrinkles, ere the thick dark
hair

Which clustered round it grew so thin and
white;

One curl at least remains of what it was,
And still you wear it in your locket, love.
You yet are fair. Stop! let me look at you;
How young you are, and I, so old, so old!
'Tis only happiness can keep us young.

Then, how should I be young, — imprisoned
here

In this drear villa, all my turbulent thoughts
Storming against my fate, my hopes burnt out,
My heart the crater where their scorie lie.

Yet all keeps young about me — all's the same
As I beheld it when a little girl.

These walls are still the same; the sky's the
same;

The same sad stretches, the same undimmed
stars;

The olives are not changed; there stand the
pines,

Murmuring and sighing still; clouds come and
go,

Just as they did when I was young and gay:
And looking on them thus, year after year,
So changeless, while 'tis all so changed with
me,

Half maddens me at times. They seem to
mock

With their perennial youth my vanished joys.
Here, in this room, I was so happy once!
Here, in this room, I am so wretched now!

My ghost — a pleasant, laughing, careless
ghost —

Walks down along that terrace. See! 'tis
there!

And yours is with it. Ah! one sees that's
yours;

But mine — who'd ever dream that once was I?

Look now, it beckons, laughs, and flings a
flower.

Off! off! I hate you; vanish from my sight:

There — down the cypresses go — go, I say;

Vanish! and never let me see you more.

Now it's all gone, would it were never there.

'Tis fancy, Rosa says — perhaps she's right —
Such tricks things play us. Do not look so
strange;

Who can avoid all meetings with one's ghost?
And yours, does yours come never from the
past,

From corners dim of olden days and dreams,
To whisper words that almost drive you mad?
Ah! I forget! You are so happy still,
And joy's gay laughter chases ghosts away.

Well, we'll not talk of that, nor think of that,
Only don't look so sad and shake your head;
You know I do not think 'twas really there,
But then it somehow seemed as if it were
Just for a moment's space. Pray bear with me,
And if my ways and words to you seem strange,
Don't mind them, dearest; living all alone
We get fantastic notions, and one's talk
Grows wild with too long talking to one's self.
But now you come and love me, I am strong;
You, with your happy smile, scared from my
breast.

Well, well — no matter, now it's fled away;
You see it's gone now — look, there's nothing
here.

Let them all go; one leap to other days.

My heart is almost light to see your face.

Oh! kiss me, dearest, kiss me yet once more —
How it smoothes out the tangles in my brain —
And put your hand in mine: believe me, dear,
For years I have not felt so sane and calm.

I'll write upon your heart as on a book.

If I go over all the old, old days,

You'll listen, will you not? I know you will.

Let me go back to when I saw you last.

Our lives till then had close together lain,
Shaped each to each in habit, feeling, thought,
Like almonds twined within a single shell.

What thought or hope was mine that was not
yours?

What joy was mine that was not shared with
you?

All was so innocent when we were girls;
Our little walks — the days you spent with me
In the old villa — where, with arms loose
clasped

Around each other's waist we roamed along
Among the giant orange-pots that stood

At every angle of our garden-plot,
And told our secrets — while the fountain
plashed,
And, waving in the breeze, its veil of mist
Swept o'er our faces. Think of those long
hours

We in the arched and open loggia sat
And played with our embroidery on our laps :
As there we chatted oft we let it fall
To gaze at Amiata's purple height,
Trembling behind its opal veil of air ;
Or on the nearer slopes through the green
lanes,

Fenced either side with rich and running vines,
Watched the white oxen trail their basket-carts,
Or contadine with wide-flapping hats
Singing amid the olives, whose old trunks
Stood knee-deep in the golden fields of grain.
Do you remember the red poppies, too,
That glowed amid the tender green of spring —
The purple larkspur that assumed their place
Mid the sheared stubble of the autumn fields —
The ilex walk — the acacia's fingered twigs —
The rose-hued oleanders peeping o'er
The terraced wall — the slanting wall that
propped

Our garden, from whose clefts the caper plants
Spirited their leaves and burst in plummy
flowers ?

All these are still the same — they do not miss
The eye that loved them so ; and yet how oft
I wonder if those old magnolia-trees —
Still feed the air with their great creamy
flowers,

And show the wind their rusted under-leaf.
I wonder if that trumpet vine is dead.
Oh heaven ! they all should be, I loved them
so ;

Some one has killed them, if they have not died.

But you can see the villa any day,
And I am wearying you. Yet all these things
Are beads upon the rosary of youth,
And first to say their names recalls those hours
So full of joy — each bead is like a prayer.
How many an hour I've sat and dreamed of
them,

And dear Siena, with its Campo tower
That seems to fall against the trooping clouds,
And the great Duomo with its pavement rich,
Till sick at heart I felt that I must die.
People are kneeling there upon it now,
But I shall never kneel there any more ;
And bells ring out on happy festivals,
And all the pious people flock to mass,
But I shall never go there any more.
How all these little things come back to me
That I shall never see — no, never more !
Oh, kiss the pavement, dear, when you go
back !

Whisper a prayer for me where once I knelt,
And tell the dead stones how I love them still.

These little things, — ah, suffer, love, like me !
You'll know how all these memories live and
sting ;

Even lifeless things, that scarce with conscious
sense

We gaze upon in sorrow or in joy,
Cling to our joy and sorrow close as life.
Things, too, at discord with our lifted mood
Their trivial figure on the mind will stamp
So deep that time can never wipe it out ;
Yes, even the pattern of the pavement there,
Its stones a step apart on which I trod
In torturing hours, are printed on my heart
Like some essential part of all I felt ;
And when the pang returns, they, too, come
back.

As we two wandered, little ignorant girls,
With childish talk and childish wonder then,
What did we know of life ? — 'twas all a play —
A picture — some few pretty shifting scenes
Set in the magic lantern of our youth.
What could we know, we little hermits,
then ? —

Watched over, tended, gently led along
A path with ne'er a stone to trip us up ;
Reading such innocent books, going to mass
Saying our Aves every morn and eve ;
Never let go beyond a vigilant eye
To watch where danger hovers ; caged like
birds

In our home aviary, where we sang,
And fluttered round, but never could get out ;
Where, though the eagle and the swooping
hawk

Were ranging round, we were so safe from
them.

How were we fit, thus nurtured, to let loose
Upon the world ? The frail canary bird,
Bred in a cage, is just as fit to free.
Oh ! in the storm and buffet of my life
My heart has flown so often back again,
And beat the bars that could not let me in.

Look at the foolish way in which we're trained,
And say, how can it fit us for the world ?
The doctrine and the mass, of course, we're
taught ;

Then comes our first communion in the fold
Of some clean convent, mid the patient nuns,
Whose minds and lives are stunted at the best.
What can they teach beside hypocrisy,
To check the natural currents of our youth ?
Through their religious panes they show the
world

All glare and falseness — yet we sigh for it ;
Then, taken back, we're kept beneath a glass,
Like some frail plant that cannot bear the
breeze.

For home is but a kind of convent, where
Our mother is the abbess — we the nuns ;
We learn our letters, but there's nought to read
Save tedious homilies and bloodless books.
Life is more real, so we sigh for it —
Not life on this side marriage, but beyond.
For what was life so-called to us poor girls —
Embroidery and trivial talk at home,
Dressing, a little music on the lute, and then
A dull and formal walk on the parade,

Where we may learn to smile and bow with ease.

Sometimes convoyed into society,
Our mother leads us with a careful string,
And lets us hop a little way alone;
But watching us the while with Argus eyes,
And lecturing our manners and our words.
Peeps at the world, from under down-dropped lids

Of fear and innocence, we catch; we're told
That this we must not do — nor that — nor that;

All that we long for is prohibited.
Barn though we may for liberty and joy,
In whose fresh air the heart alone expands,
With little worldly maxims we are drilled;
Calm and reserve alone are maidenly.
We must not speak unless our mother nods.
So life, with all its stern realities
To us is vague, as is a blind man's thought
Of colours, or a deaf man's dream of sounds.

Some day our mother calls us to her room,
Count This, Marchese That, has asked our hand —

She says, " 'Tis all arranged for you, my dear;
He's rich and young, and of such noble birth,
We could not ask or hope a better match;
I and your father both are satisfied."

"But I," you cry, "'tis I must marry him;
And I'm so young, and I'm so happy here.
Besides, I've scarcely seen him, know him not —
How can I marry if I do not love?"

"Love — love, of course; first marry, and then love!"

Thus marriage opens unto us the door
That leads to liberty, if not to love.
When we are married, we at least are free;
So, unprepared in ignorant innocence,
We rush to marriage just for freedom's sake.

What could I hope? My little bark put forth
Into the stormy world, and made a wreck,
And here I rot — all dashed to pieces here!

Look at that ghastly hulk there on the beach —
That broken, bare-ribbed skeleton that lies
Deep sunken in the barred and shelving sand;
'Twas a gay vessel launched in pride and joy,
With streaming banners and with music,
once —

Look at it now! Then turn, and look at me!
Are we not both the same sad broken wrecks?
Still old thoughts cling, the shells and barnacles

Of happy days, when through the southern seas

Of youth my keel went rushing joyously,
And all my pennons flew, and my white sails
Rounded their bosom to the swelling air.

You know the Count, the husband that they gave —

Cold, stern, impassive, like an angled wall —
Squared to his duties — rigorous, even, hard.

I beat myself to death against that wall —
He married me as he would buy a horse,
Then all was over. "Put it in the stall,
Caparison it well for gala days —
Break it to worldly paces with a curb,
And give it best of food and best of straw."
Kind treatment this, you say: what would you more?

Nothing, unless one has a heart and brain;
And I, alas! was born with one at least.

Ask of the world his character — they'll say,
An honourable man formed to respect,
Proud of his birth; but who would not be proud?

Refined, exact, punctilious; one, in fact,
Safely to trust in great and little things.

Well, then, I trusted him with all I had.
Now, ask of me what was the noble Count?
The world's half right; but half right's wholly wrong.

Fair was his outward seeming — manners fair —

A little stiff with over-courtesy,
Like to those rich brocades all sewn in gold;
But noble, I agree, and dignified.
The apricot is smooth upon the skin,
And yet it only has a stone for heart.
What education teaches, he had learned;
But on a rock you cannot rear a rose.
Still, stoniest have their sunward side;
And there with him his pride and honour grew.

The shortest line's the straightest: 'twixt two points,

And the frank nature takes it openly.
His nature was secretive: on his path,
Lead where it would, he loved no human eye;
Dark windings, devious ways, he rather chose.
Fifty miles round, beyond the sight of man,
Rather than one across in open view.
His good and bad alike he loved to hide;
Spoke little, hated praise — suspected it —
And yet was flattered by obedient acts.
Passions he had, but he had mastered them,
And loved and hated in a bloodless way;
But never was with generous anger fired,
Nor blazed to indignation at a wrong.
His impulses he doubted — would not stir
To passion's trumpet; but lay long in wait,
Ambushed — then struck with slow and proud resolve,
And called it justice when he took revenge.

His dark impassive face was cold as bronze;
His mouth locked up in silence like a chest
Whose key is lost, or drawn as it had worn
A life-long curb; his forehead full and bare,
Where not a wrinkle told what passed within.
Sometimes his hands would twitch when he was moved,
But not his lips — no, nor his cold round eyes,
From which he shut all meaning at his will;

While, like an intricate machine, his mind
With counter-wheels worked out the simplest
act.

There is my master! there's the inside man!
Why further then dissect? He, proud and
cold,

Reserved, and hating every show of heart;
I, warm, impetuous, urged by impulses —
Demanding love in words and tones and acts.
Could we two live together? Yes; as lives
The passionate wave with the affronting cliff,
Fretting in quiet seasons, madly dashed
With useless violence when roused in storm.
How many a time, in longings vast and vain,
I rushed towards him — strove to overclimb
His walled-up nature, and, forced back again,
Fell with a wild lament into myself,
Shattered with struggle, in a dull despair.

When in fierce mood I once o'erstept the line
Of rigid prudence, strict punctilio,
And in strong language railed against the
world,

With all its busy, peeping, prying eyes,
He turned with half a smile and half a frown,
And used a figure — 'twas the first and last
He ever used save one: — "You like these
tropes —

Here's one: your sail is larger than your craft;
Take heed the first gale does not sweep you
down."

"Better go down," I cried, "on the broad sea,
Battling a noble voyage with wind and wave,
Than rot inactive, anchored in the port,
Fixed stem and stern — a hopeless, helpless,
hulk.

What if I vail my spirit-sails in fear
And creep to shelter for ignoble rest? —
The dullest wreck will at its cable strain
When from the outer sea the great swell rolls,
And no poor creature with a heart and brain
But in the stagnant harbour of routine
Feels stormy lifts of longing — pants for life,
And strains to grapple with some noble task."

He smiled half-sneering, and then coldly said,
"The noblest task is to command one's self;"
And then I knew how huge a fool I was,
And locked my life and longings in my heart.

But after all 'tis love that most we need;
Love only satisfies our woman's heart,
And even our ambition looks to love;
That given, life is light — denied, is death.
Man is content to know that he is loved,
And tires the constant phrase "I love" to
hear;

But woman doubts the instrument is broke
Unless she daily hear the sweet refrain.

Thus life went on for three long weary years.
I should have fallen broken to the earth
The last sad year, but one hope buoyed me
up —

I was to be a mother. Ah! the thought
Of that dear face, long, long before it came,
Shone in my thoughts with strange pathetic
light,

Like the moon shining in a snake-filled dell —
Something at last to have which I could love!

Oh! how I prayed that it might be a boy,
And mediate 'twixt that iron heart and mine.

Who knew? The sternest natures are not
whole;

Some vulnerable point there is in all,
Where they were held when dipped into the
Styx —

Some mother's touch where you can reach the
quick.

So with this reed I helped my hope along,
And, waiting patient, said, "If 'tis a boy
'Twill touch his pride — his pride may touch
his love."

Our boy was born, and my prophetic heart,
Like other prophets, mixed the true and false;
His pride was touched — his love was still un-
born.

In his first joy there seemed a kind of mist
About his heart — it passed like breath on
steel;

At sudden times, as if against his will,
Words almost tender from his lips there came,
Then chased away as weak and out of place:
So with an iron glove one wipes a tear
Quickly, as not belonging to a man.

Sometimes I held him up unto the Count,
And, smothering him with kisses, cried aloud,
"Is he not lovely? oh, my life in life!

My little angel out of paradise!
Say, is he not too dear to stay with us?"

Then he — "Why always thus exaggerate?

An angel? no, a good stout healthy boy;
And dear, of course, because he is our child."

Yet this I thought was half in awkwardness
(Men are so, often, even when they love),

And that he could not bring his lips to say
What stirred within; for often ere he rode

I heard his steps along the terrace clang,

And, through the lattice looking, saw him take
Our Angelo, who stretched out both his arms,

And crowing strove with aimless hands to
clutch

The nodding feather streaming from his cap;
While he would laugh, and with his black

beard brush

The little rosy cheek, or with his lips
Catch the fat fingers of those dimpled hands;

The little creature, not the least afraid,
Would seize his beard, and scream his baby

scream,
Or pat the cold steel plate above his heart.

Thus far it went — no farther. Love to him
Was like the glitter on that cold steel plate;
The gleam of pride — not the impassioned ray
That warms and glows through all the inner
life.

I strove to recompense this aching want,
This thirsting for a sympathetic soul,
With thinking of my child and loving him.
But childish love is pure and innocent,
It cannot answer to the passion's call;
And hopeless, with a cruel load at heart,
I held my way unhappy and alone.

Beat as I would the bars that girt me round,
From my stern prison of necessity
No outlet opened save into the air;
And sitting sorrowing there, my wandering
thoughts

Fled far and wild, and built ideal dreams,
And happy homes made beautiful by love;
Yet still the end was, dropping with a groan
Down to the same unhappy earth of fact,
More wretched for the joys that could not be.
I linger here — for here there came a change.
From this long distance, which is like to
height,

I see the landscape of my life below.
There is its childhood's little garden plot,
Its weary marsh of stagnant womanhood,
Its one highway of duty — dusty, hard,
And leading nowhere. Eagle-like I plane
Above its drear Maremma solitudes,
Where there is ne'er a bird to sing of love;
And, rising far along the horizon's verge,
Behold the darkening storm come crowding up,
And know the lightnings that are hidden there.

Well, let me say it all at once: I loved.

My heart, long straining with its strong de-
sires,

And hungered with a vague and craving want,
Snapped all at once its harsh and formal bands.
I stood alone within a clouded wood,
When sudden sunlight burst upon my path;
A scent of unknown flowers filled all the
air —

The single cymbal with another clashed,
And wild triumphant music shook my thoughts.

We met — ah, fatal hour! we met and loved;
My heart rushed to him as the tideless lake,
Nearing the sheer precipitous abyss,
Rouses to ruin, and with one wild burst
Of storm and splendour down the rapids whirl-
ing,

Leaps, white with passion, to the lake below.
Vainly the trees along the shadowy shores,
Quivering with fear, cry to the rapids, "Stop!"
Vainly the hillsides strive to hold them back;
God's glorious rainbow o'er their terror glow-
ing,
They rush to ruin, as we rushed to ours.

I was not guilty — guilty then of what?

Say, is the aloe guilty when it bursts
To its consummate flower, death though it
bring?

If our two hearts, surcharged like wandering
clouds

With love's intensest electricity,
Borne by the rushing winds from north and
south,

Sent down the blasting lightnings when they
struck

In heaven's broad dome, if without will they
met,

Was it our fault? No; guilt is prearranged,
Is wilful — it demands consent at least.

How could we help it, if we met and loved?

If this be guilt, then nature is all guilt.

The love I bear my mother and my child,

The very hope of heaven itself, is guilt;

The very wind that blows, the eye that sees,

The heart that beats, are guilty, one and all.

What nature works in man and thing alike

Is innocent. I could not help but love.

My head is troubled by these swarming
thoughts,

But I have need to speak, so let me speak.

Hark! is that he? Oh, save me from that
man!

Save me! No, no, you shall not strike him
here!

Stab at him through my heart, then, if you
will!

Oh yes, I see. 'Twas but the jarring door,

The wind. Oh yes, I see — only the door.

'Tis past. I am not weak; let me go on.

No, dearest, no, no, no; let me go on.

The tears are in your eyes; I see the tears.

Mine are all wept away years, years ago.

Oh keep your heart wide open; take therein

The floods that from grief's open sluices pour,

And pity, pity what you cannot change.

Give me your sympathy: I have not found

For such long years a patient pitying heart,

That now I feel that I must speak or die.

From fearful nightmares starting suddenly,

How sweet to tell the horrors we have passed,

Knowing they all have passed: so sweet to me

These dreadful passages of life to tell —

That never, never, will be wholly past.

We met — we loved. Oh, what a world there
lies

In those four words! 'Twas in the summer
days

When first we met — the last dear day of June,
That was the day — and love from bud to
flower

Rushed with the sudden passion of our clime.

You know the shadowy laurel avenue,

Where, sheltered from the sun, we used to

stroll

Those summer mornings when we both were

girls;

And you remember, through the vista seen,

How the pomegranate blossoms glowed like

fire

Against the old grey wall above the door;

'Twas there, beneath those flowers, I saw him

first.

There, walking in the avenue alone,

I heard the Count, my husband, call my name,

And, looking round, just in the shadow there,

I saw him standing at my husband's side.

"Ginevra," said the Count, "my cousin here
Claims you as cousin too, since we are one.
I bring him here to you, for I am forced
(Against my will, I scarcely need to say)
To change a private joy for public care,
And leave him for a time in better hands.
My kinsman graciously excuses me
My forced departure for some hours; till then
You'll do the honours of our house for me,
And I alone shall suffer all the loss.
Ginevra, entertain our noble friend
With all that our poor villa can afford,
And piece its want out with the best of will."
So speaking, in his formal, courteous way,
He took his leave, and we were left alone.

You see he left us there; me fair and young —
I was so young then and they called me fair —
He in the full completed prime of youth,
When all the blood runs riot in the veins,
And speaks from out the cheeks and lips and
eyes.

Was this well done, I say? Was this well
done?

Oh, Count, was this well done, to leave us so?

He touched my hand, and bore it to his lips.
'Twas but a common courtesy; and yet
That touch ran through me like electric fire,
Thrilling my every nerve. At once his look,
By some peculiar mastery, seemed to seize
And to possess me, and I felt within
A tremulous movement in my thoughts, as
when

The needle blindly struggles towards the pole.
He too was moved — his colour came and
went;

We neither were at ease, we knew not why;
And so together, side by side we strayed
Through the clipped alleys of the laurel
walk, —

Or 'neath the shadow of the cypresses
We paused, — or, leaning on the parapet,
And gazing into purple distances,
Mechanically plucked from out its clefts
Some tiny flower or weed, — or, lingering near
The fountain's marble margin, idly watched
The gold-fish poisoning in its basin clear;
And while the babbling water gushed and
dripped,

And reared its silver column in the sun,
And, over-weighted, dropped in pearls, our
talk

Kept centring to our feelings from the range
Of outer facts with which it first began.
Oh golden morning! there you seem to float
Far off in memory, like a sun-flushed cloud,
With roseate heights, and tender dove-like
shades;

No lightning in your bosom hid, no threat
Of passion, no remorse and death to come.
The air was faint with orange-flowers; the
grove

Throbbled with the beats and trills of nightin-
gales

Hid in its covert green; along the wall

Flamed the pomegranate's fiery flowers; the
rich

Full clusters of the oleander bloomed
Soft in the violet shadows o'er them cast
By the grey villa. All the garden seemed
To swarm with happy life; the lizard stole
Along the fountain's marge; and stayed to gaze
With a shy confidence; the hawk-moth poised
Above the roses, thrust his slender trunk
Into their honeyed depths; on gauzy wings
The long green dragonfly in gleaming mail
Kept darting zigzag, hovering to and fro;
Hot bees were bustling in the flowers; with
soft

And aimless flight, the painted butterflies
Hung drifting here and there like floating
leaves,

Or rested on a weed to spread their wings.
All nature seemed in quiet happiness
To live and move, and, thoughtless, without
fear,

I shared that joy in harmony with it.
Swiftly the morning passed; and yet if hours
By inward change be counted, ere it went
Years had gone by, and life completely
changed.

So as we talked, not owing to ourselves
The silent growth of love that was to bear
At last a poison-flower, a sudden voice
Started us both. I knew it was the Count's,
And in my ear it sounded like a bell
That harshly scares us from a happy dream.
"Where are you?" cried he. "Oh, the
Count!" I said,

And started up, and saw him, cold and proud,
Turn the green corner of the laurel hedge,
And stand before us. With a formal speech
He broke the silence, offering excuse
That he had stayed away from us so long,
And asking pardon for disturbing us,
And then began to talk in stately way
Of what in council had been said and done,
As if his world were ours; and then, aghast,
I saw the chasm those short hours had rent
Between his soul and mine. Like some dull
noise

I heard him talking as we walked along,
While all my thoughts were hurrying within
Wildly, and in my breast my fluttering heart
Was beating like a prisoned bird. At last
We reached the house, and to my room I
rushed

For silence and for solitude. Once there,
I fell upon my bed, burst into tears,
And hid my face; for then I saw my fate —
Saw it rise up before me like a ghost.

Thus for a week our life went on: each day
The Count, made blind to everything by pride,
And by the vanity of ownership,
Left us alone, along the garden walks
To stray together, or within the house
For hours to talk, not dreaming that his wife
Could dare to love; until through every sense
Love's sweet insidious poison was distilled.
He was our guest; my husband day by day

Bade me be with him, and no feigned excuse —

Excuse that was against my will, and yet
Feebly put forth, some barrier to rear
'Twixt love and duty — served to ope his eyes.
He blindly pushed us down that plane whereon
Vainly I sought for stay my course to stop.

How then resist? Duty is strong like will —
Passion like madness! I was wrenched away
From all that used to hold me; not a hand
Reached out to save me. Struggling thus
alone,

If I but heard the Count's stern voice below
It seemed to freeze me; all my soul in arms
Started against him. Ah! no help was there.
Oh! how confess to him, and ask for help?

Then all my soul strained out to find a way
Back unto peace at least, if not to joy.
Glancing at all my life now left behind,
What was there to restrain me? Angelo,
My darling Angelo! His little arms,
Clasped close around my neck, should hold me
back

From where my life was sweeping rapidly,
Yet all without my will. I grasped at this.
Alas! it had no strength to save me then.

We walk along with such a fearless trust
Through unknown dangers; yet our death may
lie

Within one drop of poison that the ring
On a friend's hand may hold. One whispered
word

May shake the avalanche down upon our
head —

One moment more or less destroy or save.
The whole vast world without, and that within,
Turn on a pivot's point, and, jarred from that,
Both universes into ruin rush.

'Twas thus with me: before, at least, secure,
And if not happy yet without a fear;
And now a word, an hour, had changed my
life.

A word? an hour? Ah, no! for years and
years,

The train within my being had been laid.
My cruel disappointments, broken hopes,
And crushed desires — a black and ugly mass,
Were powder to a single spark of love;
Oh! bid *that*, touched by fire, not to explode.

Yet oh the bliss of loving and the pain!
For I had never lived until I loved;
Yet evermore a terror 'neath the bliss
Constrained it, like some fearful undertow,
That dimples the smooth river's sunlit brim,
To drag the stoutest swimmer down to death.

On; on, my thoughts went — there was no re-
turn;

One backward step no soul can ever take.
My life thus far had been as dull and dead
As a deserted eagle's nest that hangs
In the black shadow of an Alpine cliff —
The shining saint-like heights too far above,

The humble valley's peace too far below.

Wild, gusty, furious, with a moment's wrench
The hurricane of passion swept me down,
And, swirled along by fierce tumultuous
thoughts,

Torn from the past, the future all unknown,
I hovered 'twixt the sky and the abyss.

Broken in body, spent in soul, at last
I gave myself to Fate. Do what thou wilt,
I cried, my strength is gone — I yield to thee;
Crush me or save me, I can strive no more.
Thus all my sudden passion cried in me;
But better thoughts at last with time arose.
Perhaps, perhaps, I said, he does not love;
'Twas my own heart that shone upon his face.
Oh! if it be so, all may yet be safe,
And I will hide my secret from his eyes,
And only do and speak as friends may do.
Yes, let me struggle for a while, and then,
This visit over, I can die alone.

Oh, vain, vain, vain! day after day I saw
That love consumed his heart as well as mine.
Fate set its face against us from the first.
Day after day we could not help but meet.
All stay, all resolution formed between
Our constant meetings, when we met, gave way.
We could not dash the cup down from our lips,
Despite the poison that we knew it held.
He strove to make excuses to depart,
But still he lingered; and in constant fear
Each that our love might blaze into an act,
Or that a word might make our love a crime,
Life rushed along in terrible pretence.

But oh, how dear for all their pain they were,
Those blissful, fearful days! Left all alone —
For every morning went the Count to town,
And Guido sometimes would not brook ex-
cuse —

We ranged the garden 'neath the laurel shade;
Or, where the waving trumpet-vines out-
stretched

Their red tubes, shaken by the buried bees,
We sat together, hiding as we could
With veil of words the life that glowed be-
neath.

But even the widest circle of our talk,
Strive as we would, drew to one centre — love;
And there he told me of his early days,
And all his early hopes and joys and plans,
And painted his ideal of a life:

Oh what a life it was! — but not for us.
And then upon the pure stream of his voice
Such songs of poets slid into my soul;
So sad, too, that they brought the brimming
tears:

And oft like poplars quivering in the breeze
We trembled with the joy we dared not own;
And oft we started up on some excuse,
And left each other when we could not bear
Our overburden — I to weep and pray,
And he, dear heart, I think, to do the same.

One day we talked of rings as there we sat —
Of Cleopatra's she dissolved and drank,

And of Morone's, whence a devil spake.
 And I by chance upon my finger wore
 This which I wear for ever now, when he,
 Taking my hand and looking at this ring —
 "Give it to me," said, jesting; "I will swear
 I'll ne'er dissolve it Cleopatra-like;
 'Tis but a little thing — for friendship's sake
 Give it to me, and when I look at it
 I'll hear an angel, not a devil, speak."
 I answered, bantering, "Shall I give it you
 To put upon the first fair lady's hand
 You fall in love with, or to boast to men
 Here is a trophy? No, Sir Guido, no;
 You think you'll keep it, but I know you men."

"Now Heaven be witness, never shall it leave
 This hand of mine if you'll but put it there.
 Shall I make oath? Then hear me, cousin
 mine:

I swear to keep the ring while life shall last;
 And lest it fall into unworthy hands,
 Dying I'll send it you, as Essex did.
 So when it comes without me, pray for me."
 "So serious!" answered I; "then take the
 ring,

And we shall see if man can keep his oath."

I knew the inward struggle — loved him more
 The more I saw him fight against his Fate.
 His acts were only common courtesies,
 And ne'er a word betrayed what throbbed with-
 in.

Yet were words wanting? Ah! we read too
 well

The passion burning in each other's face,
 That would not be concealed how'er we strove.
 If but my scarf would touch his hand, a flush
 Went like a thrill of music o'er his face,
 And subtle tones transfigured common words.
 At last, convulsed, in one wild hour he told
 His desperate love: he flung him at my feet;
 His heart cried out, "Oh kill me where I lie,
 Here where I kiss the print your foot has made
 Upon this grass. Oh, dearer here to die,
 Knowing you love me, than to weary out
 The death of life afar from you, my heaven!"

Oh God forgive me! but I loved him so,
 That honour for an instant's flash went out.
 All my resolves burst like a broken dam,
 And "Up!" I wildly cried; "not at my feet,
 Here on my heart thy place — here on my
 heart!"

Then all was over; once those rash words said,
 We never more could meet as we had met;
 Our souls gazed at each other face to face,
 And saw in that one look that all was lost.

Yet do not think that guilt then stained our
 souls.

Guilty of love we were — of nothing else;
 But thus to see him in his agony
 Was worse than death. I could not even say,
 Go; for I feared some sudden desperate end.
 I strove to soothe him — I to soothe him — I

Who burned with fiercer flames than martyrs
 know:

I uttered bitter comfort — stretched my hand
 To that poor sufferer burning at my side.
 And when he cried, "Oh God, forgive me now!
 And you, Ginevra — oh my fate, my fate!"
 Though death griped at my heart, and passion's
 self

Struggled with duty for my very life,
 "Patience," I cried, "and God will help us
 both!"

Why should we suffer thus who do no wrong?"
 Then starting up, and pacing to and fro,
 He madly struck his forehead, crying out,
 "Oh! were there only something to be done,
 Not something to be suffered, to be borne."
 Or bitter accusations of himself
 He uttered, saying, "I have broken faith —
 Broken my oath to which I swore myself
 And all is over now. No more dear days,
 When I at least can see and feel you near.
 'Tis over now — ah yes! — all over now.
 I feel the fire-sword whirling round my head
 To drive me from you, out of Paradise."

"Oh, say not so — we cannot help our love;
 And though we may not meet as now we meet,
 A way may yet be shown we cannot see.
 Now go — oh leave me, Guido, for my heart
 Is breaking, and there's no more life for me!"
 I, longing to console his tortured heart,
 And scarcely knowing what I meant myself,
 Uttered these words, and tore myself away.

Look at me now — see how I tremble now;
 Think if the memory can tear me thus,
 What agony I suffered in that hour.
 Oh dearest Guido — dearest, dearest heart —
 It was not in sin to love a soul like yours, —
 For you were made to win and wear the
 best, —

Not one like me. Oh cruel, cursed Fate,
 Why did I ever live beyond that hour!

How strange the world looked as I wandered
 back

Into the palace! what a broken heart
 The nightingale had then, who in the grove
 Throbbled into song! what spirit-voices sighed
 And mourned amid the cypresses! how dear
 The soft blue sky looked, and how peaceful too,
 As if to soothe me! Even the house looked
 strange,

Like some new place I had not seen before.
 I walked as in a dream; I could not bear
 The common things — the common speech of
 life;

All that I asked was solitude and tears.
 For two long weary days I kept my room,
 Broken in body, sick to death at heart;
 And as I lay all prostrate on the floor
 After a sudden agony of tears —
 One of those bursts with which the tortured
 soul

Relieves its passion — came a sudden knock;
 It seemed as Death were knocking at the door.
 In walked the Count; I started to my feet,

I strove to gather my disordered dress,
And smooth my face, and wipe away my tears.
My soul revolted, and I saw his eye,
Dread as a basilisk's, upon me rest;
A strange expression, never seen before,
Was brandished there. He said, "'Tis very
strange

Guido is gone, and leaves a note behind,
More like a riddle than a note; and you" —
His eyes filled up the gap his speech had left.
"Is Guido gone?" I said; I could no more.
For as he spoke these words the whole world
seemed

To slip beneath me — all my world was gone.

Such weight as this upon the suffering heart
Will show itself, however we may strive;
And in an instant all my secret lay
Before his gaze, as when a sudden wind
Blows wide the closed leaves of a fatal book.
He read the page — he never spoke a word,
But paused a moment, read it up and down,
Then turned and left me, terribly alone.

The evening came to that distracting day —
The evening comes at last to every day.
Exhausted, in a hopeless lull of life,
I watched the burning sunset slowly fade,
Till all the clouds from rose had turned to
pearl,
And in the sky the silver splendour shone
Of perfect moonlight; on the shadowy trees
The moon looked pitying down, as if it sought
To give me consolation from above,
And Nature seemed to whisper me, "Come
forth."

I could not rest, and down the dappled path,
Where light and shade their strange mosaic
wove,

Through the old laurels took my aimless way.
There, half as in a dream, I wandered on,
And, weeping, praying, strove to ease my pain.
The laurels murmured, "Ah, we pity you!"
The fountain babbled, "Ah, unhappy one!"
The nightingale sang out, "My heart, my
heart!"

And all things seemed to weep and pray with
me.

Hark! did I hear a step upon the grass?
Was that a ghost I saw amid the trees?
Or Guido's self? or was my brain disturbed?
No; in the shadow there was Guido's self; —
"Oh, heaven!" I cried; "Oh Guido! are you
here?"

Fly — fly at once! Oh! wherefore are you
here?"

He rushed to me — and, oh! that glorious
face —

So haggard, worn, and ravaged with its woe —
How changed it seemed since I had seen it
last!

I cried out, "Go!" but all within me strained
To clasp him, own him, cling around his
neck; —

I cried out, "Go!" as one in madness cries,
"Save me!" and leaps to death in an abyss.

A thousand prayers and longings, flinging out
Their grasping hands, reached forward after
him,
And love, with all its sails blown sudden out,
Strained at the cable of my weakened will.

"I go — I go!" he cried; "I but returned
To kiss again the ground your feet had pressed,
To watch your far light in the window shine,
To see your wandering shadow there — and
then

Plunge back into my desolated world.
But God hath sent you here — He pitied me —
He saw me grovelling like a tortured worm
Crushed in the grass, and reached His hand to
me.

I see you, hear you, touch you, once again —
And can it only be to say, Adieu?"

"On, Guido, fly!" I cried, "for I am weak;
Fly from me if you love me — I am weak."

He stood a moment, wrestling with himself,
I gazing at him; then a sudden power
Seemed to transform him. "No! I will not
go;

'Tis all in vain — I cannot, will not, go!
Once I have fled, fleeing from joy, from hope,
From life, from heaven. Whose hand then
drew me back?

Who led your footsteps here? Whose hand, I
say?

Fate gives you me at last! Fate makes you
mine! —

Life is but mockery bereft of you.
Fly, fly with me, and in some distant spot,
Hid from the world, we may be happy yet."

His passion took me as a mighty gale,
Crowded with thunder, drives upon the elm,
Till all its straining branches groaning cry,
And toss their helpless turbulence of leaves,
And fall at last in one despairing crash;
So, bearing down resolve, and blowing wild
All my disordered thoughts, his passion came.
Defenceless — weakened, both in strength and
will —

Against this new arousing from within,
Against this new appealing from without,
Vain was resistance: I was in his arms!
He seemed to hold me there by heaven's own
right.

The world was for a moment all forgot —
The world! I had the world there in my arms!
Nothing then seemed so right, so pure, as love.
Yes, I was his, irrevocably his —
Come heaven, come hell, irrevocably his!

'Twas but a moment's madness seized me
then —

A blank of reason such as comes to one
Who, clinging for his life to some sheer cliff,
Feels his strength going and his senses swim,
And death come swooping down, and longs to
drop

And end it all: so, for a moment's space,

I swooned; and then God's voice within me
cried

"No!" and uprising, and beneath my feet
Trampling my love, with gesture stern and
quick

I pushed the dearest thing in life away.
I know not whence I got the strength I had:
Some hand — whose hand but God's? — uplifted
me.

From duty's height, I saw the war below
Of my own passions as they were not mine.

"Oh, Guido, shame!" I cried; "I am not
yours —

You mine — but only as we both are God's."

That was a height to die on — but I lived;
Death always comes too early or too late.
Life had its claims for penance — so I lived;
Nor will I murmur more — perhaps 'tis just.

Those words of mine, like an electric flash,
Broke the strained storm of madness in his
sky,

And the great shadow and the rain came
down —

Shadow as of despair, yet nobler far —
Dearer in his despair than in his pride.
The prayers he uttered for forgiveness then
Were worst of all to bear, — I hear them still
Ring in my ears; that face of his I see
Streaming with tears; and those contorted
hands,

Grasping the air, or torturing themselves,
Or wildly flung to heaven, still implore
Our dear Madonna's blessing on my head —
What are so terrible as manhood's tears?
At last we parted — Heaven alone knows
how —

And all was over; I was left alone —
Alone? I never more could be alone.

The owl screamed near us in the cypress-tree.
Half dead, I saw him go as in a dream,
And heard his footsteps down the gravel die.
The gate swung with a clang — "My God!
My God!

Help me!" I moaned; only the owl replied.

I dropped upon the seat — I hid my face
Within my hands; all, all the world seemed
gone.

I longed to rise and call him back again,
But my feet failed me. There I sat alone,
Like him, half-marble, in the Arabian tale,
Charmed by foul magic, when a distant sound
Smote on my ears. It was the clash of steel.
I started up, with sudden terror fired,
And towards the gate I rushed. My flying
feet

Grating upon the gravel hushed the sound.
I stopped to listen; there it was again —
And voices, too — oh, Heaven! Again I fled;
Again I only heard my grating steps.
I gained the gate — I listened — all was still.
The moon broke out behind a cloud, and smote
The pale broad palace front, where nothing
stirred;

Only the tall dark cypresses made moan,
And the hoar olives seemed like ghosts to flee
Across the hillside, where a whisper ran —
"Twas but his sword that jangled on the
ground,"

I said; "for see, how all is hushed to rest!
Poor heart of mine, that trembles at a breath,
Be calm again, and cast your fear away.
But ah! the wretched days before we meet —
The sunless days — yet we shall meet again."

The far-off bell upon the Campo tower
Struck twelve as up the terrace-steps I went:
I paused to soothe me with the landscape
there.

The shadowy earth was turning in its sleep,
And winds were whispering over it like
dreams;

The luminous sky was listening overhead
With its full moon, and few great throbbing
stars —

One drowsing like a sick man, sad and dark;
One watching like a spirit, pure and bright.
All the damp shadow clinging to the ground,
Shook, with innumerable tiny bells,
Rung by the grilli. In the distant pools
Frogs trilled and gurgled; every now and then
The plaintive hooting of the owl was heard
Calling her owlets 'mid the cypresses;
Near by, the fountain spilled, and far away
The contadino's watchdog bayed and barked; —
Yet all these sounds were soothed and har-
monised

By night's weird hand; and as I listening
stood,
Leaning against the columned balustrade,
By aloe vases crowned, my turbulent thoughts
Were calmed — I looked into the sky, and
prayed.

The Count not yet returned? Then all is safe.
I took my lamp, and up the marble stairs
My heart jarred to the echoes of my feet;
A swinging shutter down the corridor
So startled me, I nearly dropped the light.
Was I possessed? Almost it seemed to me
As if a spirit wandered in my room.
I could not feel alone there; through my hair
Ran shudders, and a creeping o'er my flesh.
I searched the room, but there was nothing
there.

My silk dress as it rustled on the chair
Scared me; the creeping curtain scared me too,
And, daring not to move a hand or foot,
I listened trembling. There was nothing there,
Unless it was a ghost I could not see.
My nerves were all ajar — the buzzing flies
I could not bear; but worse than all, the sense
Of something — some one — there within my
room.

My lamp extinguished, into bed I crept,
And hid me 'neath the sheets, and wept such
tears,
And prayed such prayers, as desperate creatures
pray.

All night the Count returned not to his room;
No step I heard, though long I lay awake.
'Twas strange — 'was not his wont. What
could it mean?

Troubled and overworn, at last I slept,
Haunted by dreams that ran in dreadful ruts
With weary sameness through my aching brain.

The morning came — the Count was absent
still.

Haunted by vague and agitating fears,
I waited almost as one waits for death;
And after torturing hours, that seemed like
years

To my strained sense, I heard a step. The
door

Turned on its hinges, and there stood the
Count:

A cold false smile was on his lips; his look
Was strangely calm — not real. Those hard
eyes

Betrayed a purpose that belied the lips —
Belied the courtesy so overstrained.

"I fear you did not look for me," he said;

"Nor have I tidings that can give you joy.

I came a sacred promise to fulfil —

One I could not refuse; and, as you know,

All promises are sacred that I make.

I promised Guido in your hands to place

This, which he took from you, and now re-
turns.

Saying these words, he on the table laid
My ring — the ring that I to Guido gave.

Oh what an awful light was in his eyes!

Oh what a devil's smile was on his lips!

As there he stood, still as a marble man.

My heart stopped beating, numbed by hideous
fear —

There was a silence terrible as death:

The terror stunned me, and I could not speak.

Speak! — no, I could not feel. There was no
sense

In anything; my very blood was ice.

I could not tell an instant if 'twas he,

My husband, standing there — or if 'twas I

Who stood before him. Then I reeled and
fell —

I did not swoon; I dropped into my chair

Like one knocked down with an invisible blow.

He moved not; but an instant after said

Slowly — his words like to the first great drops

That tell the storm is coming, forced between

His thin white lips — "Your cousin, madam's,
gone;

That ring he sent; he said you'd understand."

"Oh God! God! God!" I cried, "it is not
true!

What do you mean by *gone*? — speak, speak to
me!

Say 'tis a dream — oh, tell me 'tis a jest;

Oh yes, it is a jest, or you'd not smile."

"Jest! Do I look, then, like a jesting man?

Madam, your lover, after your last kiss,

Wiped my dishonour out with his heart's blood.

He knew the wrong he did — saw for us two,
After such scene as that of yesternight
The world was narrow; so he bravely fell
To expiate the cruel wrong he did."

"Dead! dead! oh God! oh Guido! — oh my
God!"

Something like this I shrieked, and moaned
and fell.

Slowly at last, and after hours, returned
My scattered senses; and long days went by —
Eternities of utter reckless woe;

With bursts of agony and burning tears,
And daring hopes that all might be a lie,
Mingled with prayers, half-raving, after death.

I almost looked on God, who sent the sun,

As heartless. Why should flowers and blos-
soms grow?

Why should all nature look so bright and fair,
And birds be singing, and the world be gay,
Except to mock me with its happiness?

Then came as strong revulsions; ne'er before

Knew I what wickedness was in my heart.

In the excited tumult of my brain

I could not see the right — I felt the wrong;

The great black hand of death before my eyes

Darkened my conscience. Oh such savage
thoughts

As then roused up and ravaged in the dark!

I could not calm myself to right resolve;

Forgiveness seemed impossible to reach —

Starlike; but revenge like a devil stood

And offered me its sword, and tempted me,

And would not let me hear the angel's voice;

But still that sweet persistent voice within

Kept calling, till it conquered all at last.

I would forgive, and crave forgiveness too.

So governing the wild and cruel thoughts

That growled for vengeance, I awaited him.

At last he came; cold, stern, and dignified,

That mask of honour came into my room.

"Well, sir," I said, "you see me broken,
crushed,

Ruined — a helpless, wretched, tortured thing.

If I have been imprudent, helpless, wrong —

For so I was — you are at least avenged:

Your foot has trodden on my erring heart,

As if I were a worm upon your path.

See how it writhes! Oh, sir! are you content?

May God forgive you for your cruel wrong,

And help me in my struggles to forgive."

"Forgiveness! wrong! Your choice of terms
is strange.

I crave forgiveness? Let that task be yours;

Ask it upon your knees of God and me.

Wrong? There's no wrong but what belongs
to you.

Though I regret what honour bade me do,

I did my duty; had you done but yours,

All would be smooth and happy as it was."

"Happy! oh when was happiness for me,

Or when again shall happiness be mine?

Happy? Where's Guido? Tell me that he lives;

You could not speak of happiness to me, If you had killed him for a fault of mine.

Say 'twas a jest you used to frighten me— Say this, and I will never see him more.

Oh, I will do my duty with a smile,

Bless you, and crave forgiveness—do your will,

And fetch and carry for you like a dog."

"Your duty! Yes, I think you will indeed; I shall take heed of that. Not see him more?

For that, too, my security is good,— I am not used to do my work by halves."

Then the desire of death—my love—his blood—

The pride and cruel calmness of the Count—

The taunting smile with which he looked at me,

Roused all the evil passions I had quelled.

All things will turn when tortured, and I cried,

"Oh, kill me then, too, with the self-same sword!

Oh how I scorn you! let your passion speak; I loved him—loved him—loved him, do you hear?

Out with your sword if you have any heart!

Kill me in pity, since you've murdered him."

"Murdered! no, hand to hand and point to point,

With every chance, he fell; he owned his wrong.

There lives no man in whom a single spark

Of honour burns, that had not done as I;

I gave him every chance—he lost, and fell."

"I say I loved him better than my life."

"For that I killed him. He will love no more."

"He loves me still,—above as I below.

Oh, I am his, he mine, beyond your power—

You do but part us for a little space;

And in the future, after life is o'er,

My soul shall rush to clasp him closer there,

Than could my human arms when here on earth."

"Ginevra! do you heed the words you use?

You dared not more than let him speak of love.

Silent? You leave me then to think the worst."

"Think what you choose—do what you choose—I loathe

Alike your foul thoughts and your cruel act."

"Then my name's blasted and my honour stained,

And I have blazoned it to all the world."

"Your name, your honour stained! Ay, so it is!

But not by me, not by my guiltless love—

Guiltless, though fatal. Not a thought for mine

Held back your hand. Blindly, through Guido's life,

My honour too you struck at, blazoning To the wide world that ours was guilty love."

"I would to God that none of this had been!"

"Nor had it ever been, except for you.

You bound the life of Guido unto mine;

You brought him here, you tempted both of us,

And now effect surprise to find we loved.

Careless of others, centred in yourself,

You could not claim a love you never gave.

What debt beyond allegiance did I owe?"

"What have you ever asked that was not given?

My wealth, my name, my rank, my house, were yours,

And in return you stain my ancient name,

For all the world to point their finger at.

A husband's duty I at least have done—

And honestly, I think. Have you a wife's?"

"I have done all I could. O pity me,

And do not urge a desperate creature on.

Think what I suffer. Pity and forgive.

I own my fault—I ask you to forgive.

I was not all to blame; you, too, must bear

A portion of the wrong—at least be just."

"What was my fault?—what portion of the wrong?

Be just, you say. Of course I shall be just."

"For this at least, you were to blame: you swore

To love, to honour, and to cherish me

For all my life. How did you keep your oath?

You left me all defenceless to be prey

To solitude, to idleness, to chance.

What have I asked, you say, that was not given?

Love, love—'twas that I craved; not title, wealth,

Or name, but daily acts of tenderness.

God knows how long I strove, how earnestly,

To patch with duty the great gap of love.

It would not do; my nature yearned for more.

Well! give a starving wretch upon a wreck

A golden florin when he cries for bread!

Will it suffice? No; 'tis mere mockery.

And so were all your vaunted gifts—no flower

In the chill ruin of my hopes you left;

By heartless duties, dull routine, you froze

My eager nature;—Sudden, like the breath

Of southern spring, with all its roses in it,

Love breathed across me—all my life broke up

Like some great river's ice at touch of spring,

And I was borne in one great burst away."

"Fine phrases—pretty pictures—nothing more!

And did no thought of honour hold you
back?"

"Honour! ah, honour! wretched mud-built
dam!

Could that avail to stem the swollen stream?
Acts, yes—but nothing else. If I was
stunned,

Aghast, to feel the formless dreams of love
Take passion's tyrannous and threatening
shape,

What help was there? Oh no, you cannot
see!

As well the stagnant pool, all creamed with
green,

See why the torrent, shaking its white spray,
And mad with all the tumult of its course,
Can pause not on the brink of the abyss.
Who put temptation in my very path?

You—you who should have held me—dragged
me down.

What right had you to leave me to such
chance?"

"It was a fault, I see—it was a fault.

But who could think you such a worthless
thing

As take the first fair apple Satan gave?

Curse, curse the hour, O woman, when you
did!

His blood is on your hands, and not on mine;
Wipe it away, then, if you can, with words.

You knew the path you trod led straight to
death.

You ventured all—your fame—my name—
his life—

For what?—to satisfy a moment's whim.

You, like a child that sees a pretty flower
That's caught a holding down a precipice,
Dared everything to wear it on your breast.

Your foot slipped—why, of course, of course
it slipped,

Weak woman-brain—and down to death you
went.

Go, wet his grave now with your idle tears;
Will they bring back the life you sacrificed?"

"Oh, had you loved me this had never been!

I sought a flower?—I sought it for a whim?—
Ah, no! Love tempted with a ripe, rare fruit,

A starving creature, who refused the gift,
And laid her down to die for honour's sake.

I did refuse it—yes, you know I did.

Nay, look not at me with that devil's smile;
It makes me almost hate you. Not alone

'Tis love you lack, but pity, but remorse,
But conscience! Never shall that hand again,

Stained by his blood, touch mine—'tis wid-
owed now.

Nay, play not with your poniard,—out with
it!

Strike! there's no thing that wants its death
so much.

Strike!—here I stand. Strike as you struck
at him!

Strike, soul of honour! Ah! you calculate—
Your cold blood cannot stir. I see your eyes—

They are arranging. No, it will not do
To trust an impulse—you must think it out.
Oh be a man for once, and dare to strike!"

I know I touched him—touched him to the
quick;

I saw it in the twitching of his hands:

Yet there he stood, with his contemptuous
smile

That maddened every feeling. All at once
A sudden chord within my brain gave way;
The pulses' hammers in my temples beat.

The last thing that I saw was his black eyes—
I see them still; then with a cymbal's clash

The sunlight shattered to a myriad sparks;
And what became of me, God only knows.

When to my senses I again returned,

I felt myself borne rapidly along

In a horse-litter. To my brain confused

All the last scene came back again to me;

For every word had burned into my soul,

But not as aught that really had been,

Only an ugly, wild, and hideous dream;

And mixed with it a thousand horrid thoughts,
That seemed as real as the actual were.

I tore the curtains open, and looked out;

I asked no question—for, had I been dead,

I had not cared less what they did with me;

Life had gone by—'twas just the same as
death

When on the floor I fainted. Now I woke

Into a kind of life that was not mine:

The night itself was weird, like all my
thoughts;

Strange clouds piled wildly all along the sky,

And, hurrying to and fro, shut out its light.

The earth was swallowed up in heavy dark;

Low thunder growled; at sudden fits the sky

Winked with white lightnings 'neath the black
low brows

Of clouds along the horizon, and glared out

Across the world, and showed the trembling
trees

Ghastly against it; then the black again

Swallowed the world up, and I heard great
drops

Beat on the leaves. From one low threatening
cloud,

That rose to meet us, leaped out suddenly

A crinkled snake of fire, then darted in;

And thunder trampled with tumultuous roar:

Or was it rather that the angel flashed

His sword of jagged fire that drove me out

From Paradise, and God's dread voice I heard

Behind the cloud to threaten my lost soul?

All worn and weak, and shattered in my
nerves,

I could not bear the sight; and back I fell,

Only half conscious; and I seemed to feel

The horse's hoofs keep bearing on my brain;

And now and then a startling thunder-peal.

All sense of time was gone. At last I slept,

Or swooned—for all things faded into blank.

What happened afterwards I do not know :
 What first I saw, when any sense came back,
 Were these four walls, and my old Rosa's face
 Looking on mine with pity as she bent
 Above my pillow, and I heard her say,
 "Oh blessed Virgin!—see, she wakes at
 last!"

From that day forward, now for ten long years,
 Here is my prison ; here the sad sun shines,
 But never shines for me a loving smile.
 His face, that would have made the dreariest
 spot

A paradise, has gone beyond the world ;
 And he that spared my life and crushed my
 heart,

Since that last day has never looked on me.
 This is his vengeance — he has hid me here,
 Beyond all hope of change, to waste away,
 Unloved, uncared for, like an outcast thing,
 To suck the fever's pestilential air,
 And see the sad Maremma's lonely waste,
 And hear the beating of the restless sea ;
 While in its marsh of drear monotony,
 Life breeds its poison-thoughts, and wastes, and
 rots.

Ah death ! death ! death ! how have I prayed
 for thee !

You take the happy, fold them in your arms,
 And kiss them to the slumber of the blest ;
 But from my path in scorn you turn aside.
 Oh ! think what years they've buried me alive
 In this drear villa all alone, alone ;
 Long days alone—long, long black nights
 alone ;

And I was never over-brave, you know.
 Imprisoned with the recollected past,
 Without a future, weak with illness too,
 I grew to fear my very self (what more
 Is there on earth to fear ?) My eyes looked
 strange

In these blear mirrors. Through the noiseless
 night

Often I lay and shuddered in the blank
 Dead waste of darkness, while my great square
 room

Seemed like a shadowy tomb to shut me in ;
 And all the darkness weighed on me like death.
 Then, straining out into the empty void,
 My eyes made globes of pale electric fire,
 That swelled and faded into globes of black,
 And hours I used to watch them come and go.
 Nor was it better, when the sad-faced moon
 Mocked at me in its far-off silentness.
 Daylight at times was worse : the blazing sun
 Flashed on the sea that shook its burning
 plates,

And through the shutters' slightest chink
 peered in

To crawl and quiver on the ceiling there.
 Hide as I would, I felt the fierce white noon
 Seethe round the house and eat into my room,
 In busy silence prying to and fro
 As if in search of me. All was so still,
 Despite the shrill cicale's saw without,
 And maddening burring buzz of flies within.

Even the melancholy wash of waves
 Broke not the silence — nor the voiceful pines,
 That always whispered though the breezes
 slept.

Only my echoing feet in the great hall,
 As to and fro I paced, broke the dead calm.
 And thus the dreary weary days passed by—
 No duty to be done, no life to live ;
 For surely what I lived was never life.

Was it, then, strange I lost my head at last ?
 But that is over now, and passed away ;
 'Tis only when the fever comes, my thoughts
 Dance to discordant music. Then at times
 They seem to gather to a single point,
 And, widening, whirl and whirl with buzz and
 din

Till all the world swarms like a spinning mass,
 And down, down, down, as in a maelstrom's
 cone,

My spirit, worn with struggle, madly goes,
 Like a lost ship, and all becomes a blank.
 Thus helpless down the vortex borne I reel,
 Until, the fever gone, a wretched wreck
 Flung out I find me on the shores of life.

Ah ! dearest, Joy unto the spirit is
 What light is to the flowers — no colour else.
 Joy is the voice of Good — the voice of God ;
 And when my heart was barren of all joy,
 It sicklied like a plant deprived of light.

I have been mad — who would not have been
 mad ? —

And hideous visions have obscured my soul.
 Long time some dreadful thing I had to hide —
 Some vague and dreadful thing, without a
 name.

Here in the walls it lived and peeped at me ;
 Whispered of lonely nights against my blind :
 Leaped out of flowers when I had gathered
 them,

And placed them on my bosom ; with its laugh
 Scared the still noon, and would not let me
 rest.

That went at last, though sometimes it returns ;
 And though I know 'tis all a hideous dream,
 Yet through my tangled thoughts so long it
 trod,

It wore a track there that will never go.
 And for a moment often it returns,
 And I seem mad because I speak of it ;
 But do not think I'm mad, or not more mad
 Than any human creature kept so long
 In this wild place alone, and with such things.

When all is dark, on dismal gusty nights,
 Ghosts wander all around this lonely house,
 And smothered groans and stifled shrieks I
 hear,

That mingle with the beating of the sea.
 Sometimes the giant rafters creak and strain,
 And overhead there rush tumultuous feet,
 Or slow and heavy steps, with clank of spurs,
 Stride nearer, nearer up the sounding stairs,
 Till, wild with fear, I see the shaking door

Swing open slowly on its creaking hinge,
 To let some ghastly unseen horror in.
 But most I dread to pass that banquet-hall,
 Where rotting cobwebs flaunt their dusky flags
 From its black beams—or up the chimney
 suck,
 When through its sooty throat the tempest
 roars;
 For there fierce spirits seem to hold carouse,
 And to their hideous revelry and laugh
 Jar the loose windows; and the shields and
 swords
 Clang on the walls as if they longed for blood.
 All this, you'll say, is fancy. Live here, then,
 Through the drear winter all alone, alone,
 With these wild terrors grasping after you.
 Oh God! we were not made to live alone—
 We all go mad if we are left alone.

My child, too. Ah, my little Angelo!
 Where are you now?—Oh, tell me where he
 is!

That little rosy face that hid itself
 Around my neck with both hands clasping it.
 Oh, such long years since I have felt those
 hands!

How cruel, cruel, from my arms to tear
 The only thing he gave me that I loved!
 How many nights I've dreamed that he was
 here;

How many mornings waked, and wept, and
 wailed

To find me here alone—more desolate
 For the sweet dream that came and went at
 will.

He has grown up to boyhood now, I know.
 He has forgotten me—my name's a word
 Banned to his lips—he knows not that I live;
 Yet in my memory how live he is,
 A baby blessing—with those four white teeth
 Gleaming beneath the little sudden smile,
 The dimpled elbows and the rosy feet
 Never at rest—the unformed chirping words
 Like a bird's language—all the many ways
 With which he crept into my very heart.

Oh! 'twas a cruel act, a wicked act,
 To tear him from me. How has he grown up
 Without a mother's love? Oh, justice,
 Count!—

Your justice—did it soothe his little cries?
 He has your name, but not, I pray, your heart.
 One drop of love is worth a well of pride.

Why should I cling to life? A hundred times
 I've pressed this dagger to my throbbing
 heart—

A hundred times I have not dared to strike;
 And yet how blest a thing were death to me!

I think at last my time is drawing near.
 Ah, heaven! I hope 'tis drawing near at last,

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I have so suffered. Even he would strike
 That sword of his in justice to my heart.
 He would relent, I think—I hope he would—
 Could he but see me now; even he to whom
 Mercy is slow to whisper, would forgive.
 Justice so strained is vengeance, nothing
 more—

All has so changed, and I was wrong, I know.
 Yet no! What do I say?—he, he forgive?
 Never! They only can forgive who love.
 He knows not pity for an erring heart.
 Justice and honour:—these two are his gods;
 To them alone his sacrifice is given.

Why do I rail at him? Do I forgive?
 Am I so free from blot? Was I all right?
 Ah no! we both were wrong, we all were
 wrong!

In these long days reviewing all the past
 I know and feel how very wrong we were.
 I plainly see (the passion cleared away)
 No fit excuse for Guido and for me.
 Tempted we were beyond our human power;
 But after marriage-vows, if love come in,
 Its torture we must own and bear—like
 death.

My punishment is just—his too, perhaps;
 But man is not to blame as woman is.
 Mine was the greater fault: I led him on,
 He loved me so; and he was all alone.

I should have checked his love when it began;
 I should have bade him go, and turned my
 thoughts

To household duties; but I played with fire,
 And mine the fault that both were sacrificed.
 The Count was not so wrong as then he
 seemed;

And from his view his deed was justified.
 And he has suffered too—and I forgive—
 Yes, as I need forgiveness, I forgive.
 And so I pray for all, even for the Count;
 And, looking forward, fix my eyes above,
 To meet my Guido when this life is past.

What matters it?—a few short years, or
 months,
 Or weeks, perhaps—or even a few more days—
 And I shall be with him, where love's no
 crime.

And God, who sees the heart, will pity me.
 Oh, yes! God's law is tenderer than man's.
 He is not only just—but pity too,
 And love, unbounded love, He has for all;
 And He will make all smooth and right at last.
 So let me weep upon your breast, dear friend—
 My only solace for these long long years.
 God will remember you for this—His arm
 Is long—His memory will never fail;
 And He will make all smooth and right at last.

W. W. S.

in the county of Wexford, in Ireland, from the same humour, which he has preserved ever since, of preferring the state of his mind to that of his fortune. When he cocked his hat, put on a broadsword, jack-boots, and shoulder-belt, under the command of the unfortunate Duke of Ormond, he was not acquainted with his own parts, and did not then know he should ever have been able (as has since appeared to be in the case of Dunkirk) to demolish a fortified town with a goose-quill."

The step he took does not appear to us, as it does to his biographer, to need any peculiar explanation. The Richard Steele rejoicing in cocked hat, broadsword, and jack-boots knew nothing of the Richard Steele who was to write the 'Tatler' and 'Spectator' (to say nothing of this marvellous feat of demolishing Dunkirk with a goose-quill). He, when he enlisted, acted in complete consistency with the Richard Steele of that era, to whom a war-horse and the joviality of a barrack had far more attractions than any kind of literary work. There was no necessity, in order to abate our astonishment, to produce "curious parallel instances," or to remind us that "Cervantes, the immortal author of 'Don Quixote,' though his family belonged to the rank of Spanish grandees, proverbial for their pride, served as a private in the war against the Turks, and lost an arm in the battle of Lepanto." There is indeed, one instance nearer our own times which, though far from being *parallel*, is so curious that we are not surprised that Mr. Montgomery should take this occasion of recalling it to us. What seems quite natural in the light-hearted Steele, does perplex and astonish us in the studious and contemplative Coleridge. At what time of his life could the cocked hat, and jack-boots, and the joviality of a barrack, have been attractive to him? And how could any straits, financial or otherwise, have driven him precisely to *this* refuge for the destitute? "I sometimes," said Coleridge to a friend, "compare my own life with that of Steele (yet oh, how unlike!) from having myself also, for a brief time, borne arms, and written 'private' after my name, or rather another name; for being at a loss when suddenly asked my name, I answered 'Cumberland'; and verily my habits were so little equestrian that my horse, I doubt not, was of that opinion." When Coleridge remembered the feats of private Cumberland he must with difficulty have believed in his personal identity. His memory told him that he had been that strange equestrian, but how he, Coleridge, came to be

transformed into Cumberland, would probably be as much a perplexity to him as to us. If tales of enchantment were true, one might imagine that a man who had been changed for a time into a panther or a bear, would, on resuming his own shape, have just such a recollection of this episode in his existence as Coleridge of the experience of Cumberland. But we suspect that Richard Steele would, at no time of his life, have felt any difficulty in recognising himself as the jolly trooper. To be sure, after taking the air with Mrs. Steele in a coach-and-four, dressed in full periwig, he might have contemplated his old position with infinite disgust; but the inner self would not have been startled by the recollection of it.

He was not left long in this humble position. The colonel of his regiment, Lord Cutts, gave him an ensign's commission. So that he obtained in a bold, independent manner, without favour asked of any of his relatives, the military position he had coveted. The young ensign, full of health, wit, and conviviality, entered, we may be sure, into all the pleasures of the town. But not, we are told, without certain prickings of conscience. He was alternately sinner and saint. We have our own doubts whether there was at any time much of the real saint; but in some degree throughout his life he mingled the sinner and the saint together in a very curious fashion.

St. Beuve, in one of his 'Causeries de Lundi,' gives a charming sketch of a Marquis de Lassy, whom he has to describe under the two phases of character, the most pious of Christians and the most worldly of men. The Marquis lost a wife whom he idolized, and with thoughts occupied only with the hope of rejoining her in another world, he shut himself up for three years in a religious retreat. In his grief he uttered a sentiment which those who are apt to map out our feelings according to geographical boundaries, or the distinction of race, may be surprised to find in the mouth of a French marquis. He prayed to God "d'accroître mon courage et de me laisser ma douleur,"—Give me strength, but diminish not my sorrow! The bereaved lover could not utter a more touching prayer; no poet could give expression to a more delicate sentiment. But the Marquis was still young—the sap still rising in the tree—and, after three years, *this* world and not the other began to beckon to him from his retreat. He quits it, marries into the great and not very moral family of the Condés, and is henceforth plunged into all the political intrigues and

From Blackwood's Magazine.

LIFE OF STEELE.*

IN spite of Mr. Montgomery's indignant protests against all who have in any way disparaged his hero, we must confess that neither the life nor the writings of Sir Richard Steele call forth in us the sentiments of admiration or esteem. We should look about for epithets of a much less enthusiastic character to describe the impression he makes upon us. His companions of the Kit-Kat Club, or his intimate friends, were doubtless too delighted with him in his jovial hours to be severe critics; we, to whom the voice of the man is long ago mute, who have nothing before us but the broad facts of his life and the labours of his pen to judge by, may be excused if we have but a very cold approval to bestow. Nevertheless, partly by a certain measure of indisputable talent, partly by his having been the projector of a new species of periodical literature, and partly by the good fortune of having associated his name with that of Addison, he has earned for himself a place in the history of English literature—a place which entitles him, and may long entitle him, to the attention of the biographer. We not unwillingly listen to what his latest biographer, Mr. Montgomery, may have to tell us of his life and character.

We are not aware that Mr. Montgomery has added anything material to our knowledge of Steele. Such portions of his career as were obscure before, he has left obscure; but he appears to have collected together all that was known of his life, all that could be acquired from the usual sources of information. There are no indications of much research; and we wish we could speak more highly than we conscientiously can, of the style, manner, and tone of thought in which the book is written. There is no literary charm about it; no grace, no pathos; not a sentence that rises above a laborious mediocrity. On the other hand, we must congratulate both him and ourselves, and all readers of his book, on the absence of that flippant, strained, affected mannerism which infects so many of our modern biographies. We are not in companionship with one of those very clever personages who can never say anything as others say it; who constantly have the air of *condescending* to their subject; who are by turns very sardonic and very sympathetic, and both precisely

where no ordinary mortal would be either one or the other. We have nothing to complain of in Mr. Montgomery but a too decided mediocrity, which sometimes takes the shape of solemn platitudes, and sometimes displays itself in a string of ill-constructed and confused sentences, which perhaps should be partly ascribed to indolence or great haste.

Nor can we much commend the plan of the work. The brief biographies which are introduced of the contemporaries of Steele appear to be selected on no intelligible principle, and they often interrupt the thread of the narrative for no apparent purpose. Not all the illustrious men of the age are introduced, but some are admitted because they are illustrious, and some on no better ground than that a volume of the 'Tatler' or 'Spectator' had been dedicated to them. Some are admitted because they were contemporaries, and some (as in the case of Wycherley, Farquhar, Congreve) because they were predecessors of Steele. These slight biographical sketches answer no purpose that we can detect, except to increase the bulk of the work, and make it double the size it might and ought to have been. We will not hint, however, that this looks a little like what people invidiously call book-making: how could we, when the author has taken pains in his preface to describe the extremely disinterested motives which induced him to undertake this life of Steele? "The writer would willingly," he says, "have left the task to others who might have done more justice to the subject; but finding none disposed to undertake it, and wishing to see such a work, which he considered a desideratum in our literature, he was obliged, as Mr. Leigh Hunt said on a similar occasion, to undertake it himself." Mr. Leigh Hunt and Mr. Henry Montgomery no doubt wrote their several works in a purely self-sacrificing spirit. The thing had to be done. Some one must do it. How happy should they be if another—but if no other, then they will essay the task. And all these *addenda*—these numerous scanty notices of Pope, and Wycherley, and Swift, and others—these also, we presume, had to be done—Mr. Montgomery "wished to see such a work;" and as no one else came forward to gratify this wish, and to supply this desideratum in our literature, he was obliged to produce the work himself.

Steele was an Irishman. He was born in Dublin in the year 1671. His mother, we are assured, was Irish. Whether his father—"counsellor-at-law, and private secretary to James, first duke of Ormond"—was a

* 'Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Sir Richard Steele,' By Henry R. Montgomery. W. P. Nimmo, Edinburgh.

native of Ireland is left uncertain. Steele had those qualities which are popularly ascribed to the Irish, if that could be an argument for his birth—mother-wit in abundance, a love of pleasure, and a contempt for prudence. But Ireland has no monopoly of convivial toppers and careless spendthrifts. The “Sheridan type,” under which Steele is here ranked, may be found frequently enough amongst the Anglo-Saxons. Where the wit and pleasure-giving qualities of this type of man are pre-eminent, the character is very indulgently treated; where the wit is scanty, the vice of it becomes very conspicuous, and is branded by very ugly names. It must be admitted, however, that though of this bad type, Steele was not a bad specimen of it. Those who are disposed to be very indulgent towards this class of men—who run so gaily into debt, who borrow with no chance of repayment except by borrowing again, who, when they have plundered their tradesmen, plunder their friends to escape from the bailiffs, and who lie largely at every turn of the transaction—may do well to reflect what it is that men of this character are really deficient in. In common prudence, it is generally said. In the sentiment of honour, say we. No one questions their want of prudence; but the marked defect in the character—that which is its real weakness—is the absence of that sense of honour which forbids a man to promise what he knows he cannot perform. For, after all, it is not prudence which comes to a man’s aid in times of pressing need, when the want of money is sorely felt. The mind under these circumstances readily leaves the future to shift for itself, or conjures up vague probabilities that “something will happen.” It is a sterner sentiment that comes to the rescue. Prudence is the virtue of prosperity, or of those who are on the safe road to it. When a man feels keenly a present want, to tell him not to gratify it by an expedient which, at a future time, will reproduce the want, will go but a little way to restrain him. How does he know that he shall feel the want more pressing *then* than he does *now*? It is a sentiment of a quite different kind that saves him—the feeling of shame at the thought of a dishonourable action—at the consciousness that, by some falsehood or other, he will be cheating others and disgracing himself. When, therefore, we are told that these jovial sinners failed in nothing but the calculating virtue of prudence, we answer, that their great and fatal failure was in a sentiment of honour; they could make false promises, they could lie for ready cash, they

could ruin others, they could coin the affections of friends and relatives into so much money—into so many debts never to be paid. If debt were nothing else than a forestalling of the future, these jovial, pleasure-loving spirits might be said (as we often hear it said in common parlance) to be no one’s enemy but their own; but debt means lying, debt means treachery, debt means simulated friendship, and ruin brought on all who are weak or fond enough to trust them. It sometimes means sacrificing wife and child to very ignominious pleasures.

Steele, at the age of twelve, was sent from Dublin to the Charter-House, where he made the acquaintance of Addison. From the Charter-House he went to Oxford. Here he seems to have idled; he took no degree; he amused himself with writing a comedy, of which Mr. Montgomery tells us, that “he submitted it to the inspection of one of his particular friends, Mr. Parker, afterwards one of the Fellows of Merton, who, *either from his high opinion of his friend’s powers or the intrinsic demerit of the performance in his estimate pronounced unfavourably upon it*; and Steele, with that docility which he united to high spirit in a remarkable degree, never called the decision in question, but submitted to it with a humility truly exemplary in a budding author.” There is nothing to show that Steele at this period even regarded himself as a “budding author;” his tastes ran in the direction of a military life; and as he could not enter the army as an officer (his father was dead, and the relatives who are supposed to have supported him at the university were averse to the project), he quitted his college to enlist as a private soldier in the Horse Guards.

This step displeased his relatives, and we are told that he lost by it an estate in the county of Wexford which otherwise would have reverted to him. For this story we seem to have no other authority than some words of Steele, in which he speaks of himself in the third person, and in which, perhaps, he did not intend to be understood quite literally. He is defending himself against Dennis; the passage is amusing, for it describes the sort of military ardour that possessed him at the period of enlisting. “It may, perhaps,” says Steele, writing under an assumed name, “fall in my way to give an abstract of the life of this man, whom it is thought thus necessary to undo and disparage. When I do, it will appear that when he mounted a war-horse, with a great sword in his hand, and planted himself behind King William III. against Louis XIV., he lost the succession to a very good estate

in the county of Wexford, in Ireland, from the same humour, which he has preserved ever since, of preferring the state of his mind to that of his fortune. When he cocked his hat, put on a broadsword, jack-boots, and shoulder-belt, under the command of the unfortunate Duke of Ormond, he was not acquainted with his own parts, and did not then know he should ever have been able (as has since appeared to be in the case of Dunkirk) to demolish a fortified town with a goose-quill."

The step he took does not appear to us, as it does to his biographer, to need any peculiar explanation. The Richard Steele rejoicing in cocked hat, broadsword, and jack-boots knew nothing of the Richard Steele who was to write the 'Tatler' and 'Spectator' (to say nothing of this marvellous feat of demolishing Dunkirk with a goose-quill). He, when he enlisted, acted in complete consistency with the Richard Steele of that era, to whom a war-horse and the joviality of a barrack had far more attractions than any kind of literary work. There was no necessity, in order to abate our astonishment, to produce "curious parallel instances," or to remind us that "Cervantes, the immortal author of 'Don Quixote,' though his family belonged to the rank of Spanish grandees, proverbial for their pride, served as a private in the war against the Turks, and lost an arm in the battle of Lepanto." There is indeed, one instance nearer our own times which, though far from being *parallel*, is so curious that we are not surprised that Mr. Montgomery should take this occasion of recalling it to us. What seems quite natural in the light-hearted Steele, does perplex and astonish us in the studious and contemplative Coleridge. At what time of his life could the cocked hat, and jack-boots, and the joviality of a barrack, have been attractive to him? And how could any straits, financial or otherwise, have driven him precisely to *this* refuge for the destitute? "I sometimes," said Coleridge to a friend, "compare my own life with that of Steele (yet oh, how unlike!) from having myself also, for a brief time, borne arms, and written 'private' after my name, or rather another name; for being at a loss when suddenly asked my name, I answered 'Cumberland'; and verily my habits were so little equestrian that my horse, I doubt not, was of that opinion." When Coleridge remembered the feats of private Cumberland he must with difficulty have believed in his personal identity. His memory told him that he had been that strange equestrian, but how he, Coleridge, came to be

transformed into Cumberland, would probably be as much a perplexity to him as to us. If tales of enchantment were true, one might imagine that a man who had been changed for a time into a panther or a bear, would, on resuming his own shape, have just such a recollection of this episode in his existence as Coleridge of the experience of Cumberland. But we suspect that Richard Steele would, at no time of his life, have felt any difficulty in recognising himself as the jolly trooper. To be sure, after taking the air with Mrs. Steele in a coach-and-four, dressed in full periwig, he might have contemplated his old position with infinite disgust; but the inner self would not have been startled by the recollection of it.

He was not left long in this humble position. The colonel of his regiment, Lord Cutts, gave him an ensign's commission. So that he obtained in a bold, independent manner, without favour asked of any of his relatives, the military position he had coveted. The young ensign, full of health, wit, and conviviality, entered, we may be sure, into all the pleasures of the town. But not, we are told, without certain prickings of conscience. He was alternately sinner and saint. We have our own doubts whether there was at any time much of the real saint; but in some degree throughout his life he mingled the sinner and the saint together in a very curious fashion.

St. Beuve, in one of his 'Causeries de Lundi,' gives a charming sketch of a Marquis de Lassay, whom he has to describe under the two phases of character, the most pious of Christians and the most worldly of men. The Marquis lost a wife whom he idolized, and with thoughts occupied only with the hope of rejoining her in another world, he shut himself up for three years in a religious retreat. In his grief he uttered a sentiment which those who are apt to map out our feelings according to geographical boundaries, or the distinction of race, may be surprised to find in the mouth of a French marquis. He prayed to God "d'accroître mon courage et de me laisser ma douleur," — Give me strength, but diminish not my sorrow! The bereaved lover could not utter a more touching prayer; no poet could give expression to a more delicate sentiment. But the Marquis was still young — the sap still rising in the tree — and, after three years, *this* world and not the other began to beckon to him from his retreat. He quits it, marries into the great and not very moral family of the Condés, and is henceforth plunged into all the political intrigues and

all the worldly ambition of his age and his class. This is one type of our inconstant nature. But here the very intensity of one feeling seemed to forebode the reaction of its opposite; and the change, as St. Beuve describes it, appears so natural, so almost inevitable, that we rather sympathize with it than otherwise. But there is another type of the inconstant character which fails to obtain any measure of respect. It is where the religious sentiment, feeble and fictitious from the commencement, seems to enter into the man for no other purpose than to reveal his weakness. Religion and the world can scarcely be said to alternate—they jostle on together day by day; and the Christian piety chiefly displays itself in solemn counsels given to others, in mock regrets, or useless penitences. To this last type Steele belonged. He preached among his dissipations, preached and intrigued, preached and drank. The age was beginning to be ashamed of the immoralities of the Restoration; a severe Calvinist was on the throne; and preaching a little—just a little—might advance his interest without interfering with his pleasure. And the age tolerated its own offspring; it was equally indulgent to his moralities and his immoralities. Perhaps the present age would be rather more offended at his preaching than his sinning, which was never of the most heinous order.

Our ensign—duly belonging to that Mammon of *Righteousness* which was then, and which perhaps at later times has been predominant in the world—writes, between his cups, his 'Christian Hero.' But lest it should be thought that we look upon this production, and the motives which led to it, in a not sufficiently respectful light, we will quote the account which Mr. Montgomery, and the ensign himself, gives of this performance:—

"If Steele was now in the way of promotion, he was also in the way of temptation, to which his soft and easy disposition made him but too yielding a victim. The charms of his conversation and the poignancy of his wit were unfortunately the cause of his being led by his brother officers into a course of the most reckless levity and dissipation, which neither the strength of his resolution nor the force of the religious impressions with which his mind was strongly imbued, enabled him to resist. In this way did he go on for some time sinning and repenting, and at war with his better nature.

"Under these circumstances Steele bethought himself of drawing up a little treatise, intended as a homily for his own private perusal and

edification solely. Of his original design in writing this curious and interesting little treatise, he states at a subsequent period—'When he was an ensign in the Guards, being thoroughly convinced of many things of which he often repented and as often repeated, he wrote, for his own private use, a little book called 'The Christian Hero,' with a design principally to fix upon his mind a strong impression of virtue and religion, in opposition to a stronger propensity to unwarrantable pleasures.'

"This he still found of little avail, so long as its perusal was merely confined to the privacy of his own closet, and his gay companions were unaware of his good resolutions and the painful struggle going on in his mind. With the despair of a man conscious of the weakness of his own resolves, and as a testimony against himself that would be certain to expose him to the ridicule of inconsistency if he yielded to the solicitations of his companions, or his own inclinations, to a course which his own better judgment disapproved, he resolved to publish the essay, and so commit himself before the world to the principles it inculcated."

The only effect of the essay seems to have been that it brought out the inconsistency of his character still more strikingly, and to his fellow-officers still more amusingly. A short time after its publication we find him engaged in a duel which he brings upon himself absurdly enough by his Christian counsel to refrain from duelling. He advises some friend not to fight; the friend does not fight; and afterwards finding that this peaceful conduct has not been properly appreciated by his fellow-officers, he turns round upon Steele and challenges him for his insidious and treacherous counsels. And Steele accepts the challenge, and is obliged to run the young man through the body. He wished to disarm him, but could not succeed in the manœuvre. His antagonist recovered, but his dangerous state held Steele in anxiety for some time.

His next literary attempt is of a different description. He writes a comedy. The effort to reform himself, or others, had met with little success, and "he felt," he tells us, "the necessity of enlivening his character." But Steele's comedies are admitted to be uniformly of a decorous or moral character. Throughout his life he is consistent in one respect, that he is always ready, whatever the nature of the composition, to commend virtue in the finest phrases he has at hand.

The age, as we have already remarked, was becoming decorous. Jeremy Collier's terrible attack upon the dramatists was well-timed, and, therefore, had been well re-

ceived. The victory had remained with the preacher; the wits had been routed; the stage must reform itself. Steele's comedies, therefore, were not likely to be less successful for a moderate infusion of grave and moral sentiment. His first and second plays, 'The Funeral' and 'The Tender Husband,' met with a tolerable share of success. In his third play, 'The Lying Lover,' he incautiously increased the dose; virtue was too frequently commended, and the audience proved impatient. Some years afterwards, when addressing the House of Commons, he contrived to extract a merit out of this failure. "I cannot tell, sir, what they would have me do to prove myself a Churchman; but I think I have appeared one even in so trifling a thing as a comedy. And, considering me as a comic poet, I have been a martyr and confessor for the Church, for this play was damned for its piety." Checked by this ill-success, an interval of eighteen years passed before he produced another drama. He then wrote his 'Conscious Lovers,' which is generally acknowledged as his masterpiece.

We have to go back to the impression produced by his first comedy. This, or the 'Christian Hero,' or both together, had attracted the favourable notice of the king, and Steele himself assures us that "his name was in the last table-book ever worn by the glorious and immortal King William III." How King William would have provided for a play-writing ensign we are left to guess. The king died before he could realize his intention.

"Queen Anne," writes Mr. Montgomery, in his not most lucid style, "had now succeeded to the throne—the premature demise of her illustrious predecessor and kinsman, William (Steele's model of a Christian Hero), having resulted from an accident in hunting, which fractured his collar-bone, and proved fatal on the 2nd March, 1702. He was taken from a world of trouble," &c. &c.

"The bells that rang in Queen Anne must have sounded to Steele as the knell of his hopes."

But, in fact, they were no ill omen to Steele; they were ushering him into new fortunes and a more agreeable mode of life. Through the influence of his friends, he received the appointment of Gazetteer, which brought with it a salary of £300 a-year. He was also made one of the gentlemen ushers to the Prince Consort. Hereupon he quitted the army, and enrolled himself amongst the literary men, or wits of the period: he was a member of the Kit-Kat

Club and a frequenter of Will's, a man of letters, and a politician.

At this period of life an important event takes place, of which scarcely any record remains. We hear hardly anything of Steele's first marriage, except what transpires in his negotiation for a second marriage. His first wife died soon after their union. Nothing seems known of her except that she was a native of Barbadoes, and that she brought her husband an estate in that island of the value of £800 a-year, encumbered, however, with certain charges. Of his second wife we have fuller particulars. She was

"Miss Mary Scurlock, only daughter and heiress of Jonathan Scurlock, Esq. of Llangunnor in Carmarthen, a lady of great personal attractions, and possessed of an estate of about £400 a-year. At the time of her marriage, she was about eight or nine and twenty; and in the correspondence previous to that event, she is styled, according to the mode of the period, 'Mrs.' though a single lady, and her mother still surviving, the term 'Miss' being deemed derogatory to persons of mature age. Though Steele accuses her of something of prudishness, yet such was his ardour, that, from the time of his beginning to pay his addresses to her to the consummation of their union, only about a month elapsed. She appears to have been possessed of many admirable qualities. . . . Yet he often humorously rallies her in his letters for what he seemed to consider her too great regard for money; though that disposition may have been forced upon her, or at least heightened, by the unhappily too habitual extravagance of her husband, who faults in, that way, with the candour and self-criticism for which he was remarkable," no one more readily admitted and regretted than himself."

Perhaps the most amusing part of Mr. Montgomery's biography are the letters which Steele writes to this lady both before and after marriage. Those before marriage were admired, we are told, "by so good a judge, both as regards the head and heart, as Samuel Taylor Coleridge." In one of his conversations he is reported to have "dwelt with much unction on the curious and instructive letters of Steele to his wife, and with much approval on the manliness with which, in the first letters, he addressed the lady to whom he was afterwards united." In what peculiar light the great imaginative man caught these letters for an instant, we will not pretend to say; but to any ordinary vision they are full of a laborious flattery, which sometimes takes the form of amorous rapture, and sometimes of very trite reflection. They are curious

and instructive, chiefly as revealing to us the character of the man and of the author also; for they are written with all the care and all the *invention* he would have bestowed on a paper for the 'Tatler.' In certain characters an elaborate flattery is by no means inconsistent with a genuine affection; we are far from suggesting that he was insincere; indeed, throughout his life, Steele shows a natural ungovernable impetuosity, side by side with all manner of little affectations, boastings, and hypocrisies. Mistress Scurlock had the reputation, it seems, of being somewhat of a prude; therefore in the first letters, which are to beg an interview, he introduces himself with as much solemnity as the occasion will bear:

Letter 1. — "Madame, — Your wit and beauty are suggestions which may easily lead you into the intention of my writing to you. You may be sure that I cannot be cold to the many good qualities as all that see you must observe in you. You are a woman of a very good understanding, and will not measure my thoughts by any ardour in my expressions, which is the ordinary language on these occasions."

Letter 2. — "You are as beautiful, as witty, as prudent, and as good-humoured as any woman breathing; but I must confess to you I regard all these excellences as you will please to direct them for my happiness or misery; with me, madame, the only lasting motive to love is in the hope of its becoming mutual. I beg of you to let Mrs. Warren send me word when I may attend on you. I promise you I will talk of nothing but indifferent things," &c. &c.

Letter 3. — "I came to your house this night to wait on you; but you have commanded me to expect the happiness of seeing you at another hour of more leisure. I am now under your own roof while I write, and that imaginary satisfaction of being so near you, though not in your presence, has in it something that touches me with so tender ideas, that it is impossible for me to describe their force. All great passion makes us dumb. . . .

"The vainest woman upon earth never saw in her glass half the attractions I view in you. Your air, your shape, your every glance, motion, and gesture, have such peculiar graces, that you possess my whole soul, and I know no life but in the hopes of your approbation."

After being admitted to an interview he writes in a still more elevated style: —

Letter 5. — "Let others, my lovely charmer, talk of a blind being that disposes their hearts; I condemn their low images of love. I have not a thought which relates to you that I cannot with confidence beseech the all-seeing Power to bless me in. May He direct you in all your steps, and reward your innocence, your

sanctity of manners, your prudent youth, and becoming piety, with the continuance of His grace and protection. This is an unusual language to ladies; but you have a mind elevated above the giddy notions of a sex ensnared by flattery, and misled by a false and short adoration, into a solid and long contempt. Beauty, my fairest creature, palls in the possession; but I love also your mind; your soul is as dear to me as my own; and if the advantages of a liberal education, some knowledge, and as much contempt of the world, joined with endeavours towards a life of strict virtue and religion, can qualify me to raise new ideas in a breast so well disposed as yours is, our days will pass away with joy, and old age, instead of introducing melancholy prospects of decay, give us hope of eternal youth in a better life."

Other letters follow in the same strain, but they are not all so *very good*. He ventures sometimes to be the ordinary lover. In one instance he calls upon his invention and writes quite a dramatic epistle. And a very clever epistle it is: —

"MADAM, — It is the hardest thing in the world to be in love and yet attend to business. As for me, all who speak to me find me out, and I must lock myself up or other people will do it for me.

"A gentleman asked me this morning 'What news from Lisbon?' and I answered, 'She is exquisitely handsome.' Another desired to know when I had been last at Hampton Court. I replied, 'It will be on Tuesday come se'nnight.' Prythee, allow me at least to kiss your hand before that day that my mind may be in some composure. O love!

'A thousand torments dwell about thee!
Yet who could love to live without thee?'

Metthink I could write a volume to you; but all the language on earth would fail in saying how much and with what disinterested passion," &c. &c.

The impression which this correspondence makes upon the reader can hardly be judged by the few extracts to which we are compelled to limit ourselves. We are obliged to be contented with quotations from some of the longer letters which precede marriage and with inserting a few of the very short ones which follow that event. The marriage took place privately on the 7th September, 1707, owing, it is conjectured, to some opposition on the part of Mrs. Scurlock, senior, the mother of his wife. The newly married pair commence housekeeping on a good financial basis, if Steele's account of his revenues can be entirely trusted. Here we have it under his own hand, in a letter written to Mrs. Scurlock, senior: —

"My late wife had so extreme a value for me that she, by fine, conveyed to me her whole estate, situate in Barbadoes, which, with the stock and slaves (proper securities being given for the payment of the rent), is let for eight hundred and fifty pounds per annum, at half-yearly payments; that is to say, £425 each 1st of May, and £425 each 1st of December. This estate came to her encumbered with a debt of £3000, by legacies and debts of her brother, whose executrix she was as well as heiress. I must confess it has not been in my power to lessen the encumbrance, by reason of chargeable sicknesses, and not having at that time any employment of profit. But at present, and ever since May last, I have been appointed by the Secretaries of State to write the 'Gazette,' with a salary of £300 a-year, paying a tax of £45. I am a gentleman-waiter to his Royal Highness the Prince, with a salary of £100 a-year, not subject to taxes.

Thus my whole income is at	
present, per annum,	£1250
Deduct the interest of £3000, £180	
Taxes for my employment,	45
	<hr/> 225
Remains after deductions,	£1025

An income of one thousand a-year together with what he would receive from his wife's property in Wales, must, a century and a half ago, have formed an ample provision even for life in London. Steele seems justified in promising his future wife that she shall live free from care and with all reasonable enjoyments. It is thus that he, at the same time, promises and prays on the eve of his marriage:—

"Let us go on, my lovely creature, &c. &c. While we live after this manner angels will be so far from being our superiors that they will be our attendants. Every good being guard my fairest, and conduct her to that bosom that pants to receive her, and to protect her from all the cares and vicissitudes of life with an eternal tenderness."

His way of protecting her from all the cares and vicissitudes of life was to set up a carriage with two and sometimes four, horses, and to have two houses—one in London, and another at Hampton, which he jocosely calls the *Hovel*. Probably he was in debt at the very time of his marriage, for we hear so very soon after of cares and difficulties and hints of the scarcity of money. Neither does his most reasonable and most virtuous of wives seem to have made his home quite that angelic abode he had refigured. We soon hear of a multiplicity of excuses for not returning to dinner or spending the evening elsewhere.

Two months after the marriage there commences a succession of notes like these:—

"DEVIL'S TAVERN, TEMPLE BAR.

"DEAR PRUE,—I have partly succeeded in my business to-day, and enclose two guineas as an earnest of more. Dear Prue, I cannot come home to dinner. I languish for your welfare, and will never be a moment careless more. Your faithful husband."

"Eleven at night.

"DEAR PRUE,—I was going home two hours ago, but was met by Mr. Griffith, who has kept me ever since meeting me. I will come within a pint of wine."

"GRAY'S INN.

"DEAR PRUE,—If the man who has my shoemaker's bill calls, let him be answered that I shall call on him as I come home. I stay here in order to get Tonson to discount a bill for me, and shall dine with him for that end."

"TENNIS COURT COFFEE-HOUSE.

"DEAR WIFE,—I hope I have done this day what will be pleasing to you; in the mean time, shall be this night at a barber's, one Leg, over against the Devil's Tavern at Charing Cross. I shall be able to confront the fools who wish me uneasy, and shall have the satisfaction to see thee cheerful and at ease.

"You shall hear from me early in the morning."

Another little surprise was in store for Mrs. Steele. One morning the carriage is ordered to drive to a boarding-school in the suburbs of London. There a young lady makes her appearance, towards whom Steele manifests so much interest and affection that his wife asks if the child is his. He confesses that she is. "Then," replied Mrs. Steele, with a generosity not often rivalled, "I beg she may be mine too." And the young lady returns with them to live till her own marriage, as a member of the family. Her mother, we are told, was a connection of Tonsons, the bookseller—the same, we presume, that we heard of just now as discounting a bill.

The bills and the bailiffs continue to plague Mrs. Steele, and the correspondence grows acrid at times.

"DEAR PRUE,—What you would have me do I know not. All that my fortune will compass you shall always enjoy, and have nobody near you that you do not like, except that I am myself disapproved by you for being devotedly your obedient husband."

"DEAR PRUE,—I inclose you a guinea for your pocket. I dine with Lord Halifax."

"I wish I knew how to court you into good

humour for two or three quarrels more will despatch me quite. If you have any love for me, believe that I am always pursuing our mutual good. Pray consider that all my little fortune is to be settled this month, and that I have inadvertently made myself liable to impatient people who take all advantages. If you have not patience I shall transact my business rashly, and lose a very great sum to quicken the time of your being rid of all people you do not like."

The "people you do not like" is a pretty form of speech for the bailiffs or the men put into the house to seize or watch over the furniture. He alludes to them more plainly afterwards. "I am making it my business," he says, on a subsequent occasion, "to find out Mr. Huggins, in order to withdraw his officer." Every one remembers the anecdote which is told of Steele, that he put these officers into livery, and passed them off as his own servants. It is a good story, and is told, we believe of more than one such spendthrift. Perhaps it is the invention of a comedian, and was never really put in practice, except upon the stage.

We make a few more extracts:—

"DEAR WIFE,—I have ordered Richard to take your directions whether you will have the chariot with two or four horses, to set you and your friend down at your house at Hampton Court. I shall make it the business of my life to make you easy and happy. Consult your cool thoughts, and you will know that it is the glory of a woman to be her husband's friend and companion, and not his sovereign director. I am, with truth, sincerity, and tenderness, ever your faithful husband."

"MADAM,—I have your letter wherein you let me know that the little dispute we have had is far from being a trouble to you; nevertheless, I assure you that any disturbance between us is the greatest affliction to me imaginable. *You talk of the judgment of the world; I shall never govern my actions by it, but by the rules of morality and right reason.* I love you better than the light of my eyes, or the life-blood in my heart, but," &c.

"DEAR PRUE,—The afternoon coach will bring you £10. Your letter shows you are passionately in love with me. But we must take our portion of life without repining; and I consider that good-nature, added to that beautiful form God has given you, would make our happiness too great for human life."

"DEAR PRUE,—You see you are obeyed in everything, and that I write over-night for the following day. I shall now in earnest, by Mr. Clay's good conduct, manage my business with that method as shall make me easy. I am, dear Prue, a little in drink, but at all times your faithful husband."

"DEAR WIFE,—Take confidence in that Being who has promised protection to all the good and virtuous when afflicted. Mr. Glover accommodates me with the money which is to clear this present sorrow. This evening I will come to Mrs. Binn's exactly at eight."

While Mrs. Steele is driven to her wits' end, and is practising economy all she can, Steele complains that she will not dress handsomely enough—"will not appear—shine out—make me proud of you, or rather indulge the pride I have that you are mine." He is vexed at her thrift and anxiety, and seems to think that endless promises on his side ought to be sufficient to set her mind at rest. "Pray," he says at a later time, "be contented with laying up all your estate, which I will enable you to do; for you shall be at no manner of charge on anything in nature, for yourself, children, or servants, and they shall be better provided than any other family in England, for I shall turn my expense and delight all that way. Therefore, in the name of God, have done with talk of money, and do not let me lose the right I have in a woman of wit and beauty by eternally turning herself into a dun—forgive the comparison."

Worn out, we imagine by these domestic perplexities, Mrs. Steele retired to her estate in Wales, where we must leave her for the present to attend on Steele in his literary and political career.

It was on the 12th April (O.S.) 1709 that 'The Tatler; or the Lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire,' made its appearance. It was published thrice a-week—Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. The design, as Mr. Montgomery remarks, was probably suggested to Mr. Steele by his employment as official gazetteer. "In the irksome duty of superintending such a publication, it may not unnaturally have occurred to him that he might produce a periodical sheet of a more interesting and congenial nature." The 'Tatler' was intended, in some respects, to serve the purpose of a newspaper, as well as to supply a series of brief essays on life or literature, or any topic, in short, that the quick-witted author could, in the language of the day, entertain the town with. To give himself greater freedom, he assumed a fictitious name, and the name of Isaac Bickerstaff having been made familiar to the world by Swift, he selected it—not very wisely, as we should have judged; for the name of Bickerstaff was already identified with Swift, why should he seek to identify it in future also with Steele? The very selection of this name seems to imply that

Steele did not contemplate any very prolonged or important enterprise when he started the 'Tatler.'

Addison was in Ireland at the time of its first appearance, and only detected his friend under the assumed name of Bickerstaff by the use he had made of a criticism on a passage of Virgil, which Addison remembered having mentioned to him in conversation. He not only approved of the plan, but became an occasional contributor. It was amongst the pleasant traits of Steele's character that he was never unwilling to acknowledge the great assistance he derived from the pen of Addison. Speaking of this assistance, he says:—"This good office he performed with such force of genius, humour, wit, and learning, that I fared like a distressed prince, who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid. I was undone by my auxiliary; when I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him."

The 'Tatler' was in full prosperity when Steele, without consulting any of his auxiliaries, suddenly brought it to an end, apparently in a fit of weariness. And yet, after a short respite, he entered, with Addison, into the still more onerous undertaking of the 'Spectator.' This was to appear daily. No trace of the newspaper or the gazetteer was to be admitted; it was to be altogether literary in its character; it was to fulfil the functions of the modern magazine; it was, in fact, the complete inauguration of periodical literature. Brief essays, tales, allegories, imaginary correspondence, imaginary conversations, strictures on the manners and the morals of the day—there was nothing new in any of these; but a publication which should present some one of these every morning on the breakfast table was a novel and a bold undertaking. And it was accomplished in so admirable a manner that the papers, when collected and bound in volumes, became a part of the classical literature of the country. The very name, "British classics," was for a time appropriated to the 'Spectator' and to some of its kindred.

To criticise the 'Spectator' is to criticise the genius of Addison, and this we have no intention of doing on the present occasion. Although we quite agree with Mr. Montgomery that there are papers by Steele which it would not be easy to distinguish from some of Addison's, yet we side entirely with the popular opinion, that it is to the genius of Addison that the 'Spectator' owes the permanent position it assumed in the literature of the country. Without Steele there

would have been no 'Spectator' at all; without Addison the popularity of the 'Spectator' would have been confined to the age in which it saw the light. Steele himself, in his own papers, would have been an inferior writer to what he was, if he had not been sustained by the higher example of Addison's more accomplished style. He has always a tendency to be diffuse, rambling; using a multiplicity of words, and bestowing no labour to prune redundancies, or give to his sentences anything like logical precision. How much he was indebted to the conversation and long intimacy of Addison, it would be, of course, difficult to appreciate. But Steele was one of those who gather much less from books than from living men. He was at no time a persevering reader; he made other men his books; and what a volume he found in Addison, who talked best, it is said, over his wine, with one or two friends, we may partly guess. The talent of Steele grew and fructified under the influence of the genius of Addison.

But Steele, unhappily, did not confine himself to literature. He had a passion for politics. He was a staunch Whig; and he was soon placed in a position which would have tried the prudence of a cooler head than his. A Tory Ministry came into power; he, a Whig, held the post of Gazetteer. It was his manifest interest, since he would not join with Harley and Bolingbroke, to mingle himself as little as possible with the political disputes of the day. But how could one of his temperament see the battle going on, and not strike a blow in it? After the 'Spectator' came the 'Guardian,' and after the 'Guardian' the 'Englishman;' and in both of these later publications Steele engaged in contest with the Tory writers of the day.

Harley, — who had already secured the services of Swift, would willingly have secured those of Steele also. He did not disturb him in his appointment of Gazetteer, and would probably have allowed him to hold it on the terms only of a strict neutrality. But the neutrality was not observed, and Steele lost the appointment. On this he naturally threw himself with increased energy into the combat, and fought violently for the Whigs and the Constitution, against the Tories and the Pretender.

It was at this time he performed that feat we have heard him boast of—the destroying the fortifications of Dunkirk with a goose-quill. It was amongst the stipulations of the treaty of Utrecht that these fortifications should be demolished; some

delay had taken place in executing this clause in the treaty; the Queen had been petitioned by the inhabitants of Dunkirk to spare them, and a rumour had gone abroad that the Queen or her Ministers were disposed to grant this petition. Hereupon Steele wrote a very stringent paper in the 'Guardian,' calling for the demolition of the walls of Dunkirk, to which paper he seems to have attributed the marvellous effect above mentioned. Whatever else it did, it brought him into collision with Swift, and there ensued a paper war between the two literary champions of their respective parties, the particulars of which are certainly not worth reviving.

It was the treatment of Marlborough which, above all other things, we are told, fired the indignation of Steele. But his impulsive nature responded readily to aggravations of a much slighter kind. We read with amazement the diatribe he pours forth against the 'Examiner,' the Tory paper, for some absurd remarks it had made on Lady Charlotte Finch. Perhaps it was in reality an attack upon Swift, whom he suspected to be the author of these remarks. We quote the account as we find it in Mr. Montgomery. We cannot quite understand it. Was "knotting in church" the only charge made against the lady?

"The article in question referred to Lady Charlotte Finch, daughter of the Earl of Nottingham, and afterwards Duchess of Somerset, as 'knotting in Saint James' Chapel, during divine service, in the immediate presence both of God and her majesty, who were affronted together, that the family might appear to be entirely come over.' This appeared such an outrage upon the sanctity of private life, that Steele indignantly protested against it. 'If life be,' he says, in the conclusion of the article, '(as it ought to be with people of this character whom the 'Examiner' attacks) less valuable and dear than honour and reputation, in that proportion is the 'Examiner' worse than an assassin. We have stood by and tamely heard him aggravate the disgrace of the brave and the unfortunate; we have seen him double the anguish of the unhappy man; we have seen him trample on the ashes of the dead; but as all this has concerned greater life, and could touch only public characters, it did but remotely affect our private and domestic interests.' He returns to the subject," &c.

Well may his friends have been anxious to keep Steele out of politics if this was a specimen of the temper he carried into them. There seems to have been a fatal violence in his manner which prevented him from being the best of advocates even

of a good cause, and which was pretty sure to be the ruin of the advocate himself. He was elected member of Parliament for the borough of Stockbridge in Dorset, and before Parliament assembled he had published his pamphlet 'The Crisis,' the object of which was to defend the Constitution and the succession of the Crown as established at the Revolution. The Tory Ministry were suspected to have formed the design of restoring the Stuarts. If they had formed such a design, it must have been their first object to conceal it at present from the country. Thus, whether innocent or guilty of such a purpose, Steele's pamphlet, which proceeded on the assumption that the Constitution and the Protestant succession were in danger, must have been equally offensive to them. Nor was the presence in the House of Commons of the able writer of it at all desirable. Therefore Parliament had no sooner assembled than Steele was arraigned for libellous and seditious writing, reflecting on her Majesty and her Majesty's Government. Passages were selected from the 'Englishman' and the 'Crisis'; these were read aloud; and Steele was ordered to appear in his place on an appointed day, and answer the accusation. Steele made a defence which is described by Mr. Montgomery as both able and temperate; but, in fact, it mattered not how well or how ill the accused defended himself. There was a settled determination on the part of the Ministry to expel him from the House. Both the Walpoles defended him; so did several eminent Whigs; but a Ministerial majority had decided, and it was resolved "that Richard Steele, Esquire, for his offence in writing and publishing the said scandalous and seditious libels, be expelled this House."

We believe there is but one opinion amongst historians or writers on Constitutional law as to the propriety or justice of this sentence. All condemn it. The privilege of the House to expel one of its own members was really exerted for no other purpose than to get rid of a man disagreeable to the Ministry, and to stigmatise as criminal, writings for which the author could have been punished in no court of justice. "It was the first instance," says Hallam, "wherein the House of Commons so identified itself with the executive administration, independently of the sovereign's person, as to consider itself libelled by those who impugned its measures."

Expelled from the House, he still employed his pen on the topics of the day, and in various ephemeral publications, which it

would be useless to enumerate. He formed a design at this time to write the life of Marlborough, which, happily for his reputation, was not accomplished, for we may be sure that it would have been an indiscriminating and blundering eulogy.

The death of Queen Anne brought back the Whigs to power, and brought Steele back to the House of Commons. He was elected for Boroughbridge, Yorkshire. Recommended to George I. as a zealous friend of the house of Hanover, he was appointed surveyor of the royal stables at Hampton Court!—a post, one would think, more suitable to his old position in the Horse Guards than his present character of pamphleteer;—he was put into the commission of the peace for Middlesex, nominated one of the deputy-lieutenants of the county, and (what was most profitable of all, we suspect) he was made patentee of Drury Lane Theatre. This brought him in a clear annuity of six or seven hundred a-year. Indeed it is said that, owing to some arrangement made with the theatre by which he became a part-proprietor, his income from this source averaged £1000 a-year. He was also knighted on the occasion of his presenting some address to his Majesty. A fair measure of prosperity, we should say, and let us hope that he enjoyed it for a few years.

When Mar's insurrection in favour of the Pretender had been crushed, there followed a considerable confiscation of property, and Steele was made a member of a commission appointed to deal with this subject. Writing to Lady Steele he says, "I have that in my pocket which, within a few days will be a great sum of money, besides what is growing at the play-house." What sum of money the commission brought him we do not know, but it led to a characteristic incident worth mentioning. The commission took him to Edinburgh. There he was well received—as man of letters, we presume. Well, our man of letters, after a few days' residence in Edinburgh, bethinks him—with that happy confidence which ignorance alone can supply—that he, even he, could bring about a reconciliation of this much-talked-of Presbyterianism of Scotland to the sound Protestant Episcopacy of England! Mr. Montgomery shall tell the project in his own manner:—

"This (that is, his courteous reception) led him to consider whether he might not turn his regard to what he considered good account by opening up the question of perfecting the

Union, by extending it to a uniformity of ecclesiastical policy north and south of the Tweed. Not deterred from so hopeless an undertaking by previous failures, or feeling, like Fitz-James, the danger of the enterprise a sufficient incentive, he held communication with some of the Presbyters, by way of feeling the pulse of the ministers on the subject. Amongst those with whom he conversed with that view," &c. &c.

Our lively commissioner was more in his element when, in order to see something of the national humour of the common people, he spread out a feast, and directed his servants to invite all the poor they could find in the neighbouring streets and lanes to the entertainment. Good fare and abundance of punch set his company talking without restraint, and he had an opportunity of comparing the broad humour of a Scotch rabblement with that of an English tavern or English barrack. *There* he might well sit arbiter. He is reported to have said that, in addition to the pleasure of filling so many empty stomachs, he had been furnished with materials enough for a good comedy.

Steele about this time had a project of a very different kind, which was to bring him in a mine of wealth, and which ended only in adding to his debts. It was what he called his Fishpool. It was an invention to bring fish alive from the coast to the London market, and especially salmon from the coast of Ireland. The fish were to travel in tanks of water. A Mr. Gilmore, who is described as a mathematician, had pronounced favourably on the scheme, and assisted him in it. Steele took out a patent, and, of course, published a pamphlet at the same time, an "Account of the Fishpool," &c., which was dedicated to the Lord Mayor.

"But though," says Mr. Montgomery, very solemnly, "the project was perfectly good in theory, it failed from causes which only experience could have suggested; for notwithstanding an ingenious provision for supplying a constant stream of water and air in crossing the sea, yet the result proved that, in the passage, the efforts of the fish to escape from their confinement caused them to bruise themselves so much against the sides of the 'pool,' as seriously to deteriorate their value in the market, to such an extent as wholly to neutralize the utility of the invention. Thus, by an accident which no human forethought could have foreseen, fell to the ground a project on which had been expended much ingenuity and considerable sums of money, and which involved in its failure the extinction of such long-cherished golden hopes."

We presume the fish were beaten against the sides of the tank by the motion of the vessel; if indeed this bruising of them was the sole cause of the failure of the invention. The golden dreams arising out of the Fishpool were not to be realized; and what was worse, the substantial income he derived from his patent in Drury Lane Theatre, was for a time intercepted.

Steele could not keep out of politics, and if a measure displeased him he could not resist attacking it, although it was a measure of the very Ministry to whom he owed his appointments. An imprudence of this kind we shall most of us think very pardonable. The Whigs brought forward their Peerage Bill, by which they proposed to limit rigidly the number of Peers. There were to be a few more creations (of course by the advice of the existing Ministry), and then, the maximum number being reached, no new Peer was to be made except on the extinction of an old peerage. Steele saw in this measure an invasion of the prerogative of the Crown, and the establishment of an oligarchy. He opposed it in his place in the House of Commons, and, as his manner was, he started a paper called the 'Plebeian' to rouse the public against this novelty. It was on this occasion that his quarrel took place with Addison, who supported the measure. The two friends who had so often been allies and fellow-labourers descended into the arena as combatants, nor did either of them carry on the controversy in the most urbane or dignified manner.

The verdict of posterity has been given in favour of Steele's conclusion, but not in favour of Steele's argument. He dreaded an oligarchy. The prevailing impression is that a rigid limitation of the number of the Peers would have been detrimental to the power and influence of the Upper House. The facility of absorbing to itself, at the proper moment, the great lawyer, the successful or retiring statesman, or other eminent commoner, gives it vitality, and is almost essential to the part it has to play in our elaborate constitution.

Steele, as penalty for the conspicuous part he took in opposing this measure, was deprived, for a time, of his patent of Drury Lane Theatre. The Duke of Newcastle, then Lord Chamberlain, appears to have acted in a very arbitrary manner towards him. Steele set up a paper called 'The Theatre' chiefly to defend himself, but the contest was too unequal; the pamphleteer was compelled to succumb to the Duke and the Minister.

As Steele's connection with Drury Lane Theatre is rather a complicated affair, and runs through a considerable portion of his life, we will here bring together, in a concise view, what we have learned of it from the scattered statements of Mr. Montgomery. The licence of the Royal Company of Comedians at Drury Lane had expired at the death of Queen Anne. Steele, who, at the accession of George I. was in the zenith of his popularity — his expulsion from the House of Commons being then converted into a sort of martyrdom in the patriot cause — was selected as a fit person through whom to apply for its renewal. It seems that when the licence just expired had been granted, the Court had taken the opportunity to fasten upon the theatre a pension of £700 a-year, to be paid (for what services we are not here informed) to a Mr. Collier, member of Parliament for Truro. The Royal Comedians (this is according to Colley Cibber's account) knew very well that the pension of £700 which had been levied on them for Collier, would still have to be paid to somebody. Collier, by his grasping disposition, had made himself odious to them; they willingly passed him by, and preferred that their money should endow one who had been himself, by writing for the stage, and commending the stage in his various periodicals, a friend to the theatre. It thus appears that Steele was more obliged to the managers of Drury Lane than to the Court or the Minister for his introduction to this pleasant pension.

We should indeed be hypercritical if we suggested that so pure a patriot and moralist as Steele ought to have demurred at being pensioned on the theatre in this inequitable manner. But the inequitable manner was not of his devising; it was acquiesced in by the theatre as a necessary evil; and the idea of refusing a pension so levied from any prudish motives never occurred to any party in the transaction. When the licence was obtained, the managers entered into an agreement to give Sir Richard Steele the £700 a-year they had formerly paid to Mr. Collier. But soon after this arrangement had been made, the play-house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which had been closed for some time, reopened. This at first diminished the profits of Drury Lane, and probably alarmed the managers still more than it hurt them. They represented to Sir Richard that, as they were no longer in possession of the monopoly on which they had calculated, they could not undertake to continue the payment of the full £700. They were

proceeding to suggest other arrangements, when Sir Richard stopped them, and, in that grand expansive manner which was so natural to him when he was at ease, or was promising, assured them that "as he came among them by their own invitation, he should always think himself obliged to come into any measure for their use and service; that to be a burden to their industry would be more disagreeable to him than it could be to them; and as he had always taken a delight in his endeavours for their prosperity, he should be still ready, on their own terms, to continue them." However, before these terms were settled, he made them a new proposal. What if the *licence* was converted into a *patent*? This would be an advantage to the managers, as it would relieve them, to some degree, from the interference of the Lord Chamberlain, and give them (so we are led to understand) a more stringent authority over their players, amongst whom there had of late been some desertions. Sir Richard Steele would obtain for himself the patent from the Crown, and would make them sharers in the rights it gave by a subsequent deed of assignment. This proposal was cheerfully agreed to. Steele became patentee. We hear of no more difficulties about the pension; and ultimately it was arranged that on Steele's advancing the sum of £1200 (which was to be repaid to his executors at his death) he should have, in addition to his pension, an equal share with the other managers in the profits of the theatre.

The same reason that made it desirable for the Company to exchange their license for a patent, made the Duke of Newcastle desirous of reverting to the former plan, recalling the patent and granting a license. He wished to have the theatre more completely under his own control. Steele was requested to resign the patent. This he would not voluntarily do. The Duke threatened that he would cancel it, but the threat was not immediately carried into execution. When, however, Steele had made himself obnoxious to the Ministry by his opposition to the Peerage Bill, the blow fell upon him. Sir Robert Walpole, who had always been his friend, was not then in the Ministry. There was no one to stand betwixt him and the haughty Duke. His patent was cancelled, and he was told that all personal intercourse by word or writing was forbidden. He seems to have learnt that the courts of law could give him no protection. He had nothing for it but to expostulate through the press. Even here he shows an enforced respect towards the Duke, and visits his

passion on some imaginary legal adviser, or perhaps on some real lawyer whom he knew to have been consulted by the Duke. "When I know," he says with more anger than good sense, "who has made your Grace thus injure the best master and the best servant that ever man had" (that is, the king and himself), "I will teach him the difference between law and justice: he shall soon understand that he who advises how to escape the law and do injustice to his fellow-subject is an agent of hell; such a man for a larger fee would lend a dark lantern to a murderer." Warming in the controversy, he throws aside all troublesome reserve of modesty in speaking of himself. "All this," he continues, in the same or some subsequent pamphlet, "is done against a man to whom Whig, Tory, Roman Catholic, Dissenter, native, foreigner, owe zeal and goodwill for good offices endeavoured towards every one of them in their civil rights, and their kind wishes for him are but a just return. But what ought to weigh most with his Lordship the Chamberlain is my zeal for his master, of which I shall at present say no more than that his Lordship, and many others, may perhaps have done more for the house of Hanover than I have, but I am the only man in his Majesty's dominions who did all he could."

On the return of Sir Robert Walpole to power Steele was restored to his patent. But by this time his relations to the theatre had become further complicated by his own carelessness or his own debts. He had neglected, apparently out of mere indolence at first, to take his part in the management. The other managers, not thinking it just that he should receive his full share of the profits and refuse all share in their labours, considered it but an equitable arrangement, since they did his work, to deduct from his profits a certain salary for themselves. This they fixed at £1, 13s. 4d. every day on which he was absent from his post. Steele most politely acquiesced in this arrangement—"to be sure they knew what was fitter to be done than he did; that he had always taken a delight in making them easy, and had no reason to doubt of their doing him justice." At the time he made this bland speech, he was in the habit of borrowing of the managers; when they refused to lend any more, his temper, it is said, was ruffled, and from that time he never came near them. He then, without seeking their consent, assigned his interest in the theatre to trustees for the benefit of his creditors. The trustees disputed the charge of £1, 13s. 4d. for each day of neglected duty, and

some litigation ensued between them and the managers. Thus a connection which, if Steele had but acted with common prudence, would have been in itself the source of a good income, pleasantly obtained, not only ceased to be a source of wealth, but became a fountain of bitterness and dispute.

It was about the time that he was suffering under the severe and arbitrary treatment of the Duke of Newcastle that Steele lost his wife. Lady Steele had returned to London. She died December 26, 1718, and was buried, we hear with some little surprise, in Westminster Abbey. She had returned, but a short time before her death, from Wales, where we last left her. Nor can we possibly dismiss her without reverting to the correspondence which passed between them during the time they were thus separated; or rather, we ought to say, to the letters which *he* wrote, for they only have been preserved; *her* letters Steele seems to have had no interest in keeping. Lady Steele must have treasured up, throughout her life, every note he penned, even the briefest of them; some out of love to the writer, and some out of an opposite sentiment, or, perhaps, for the purpose of future justification of her own conduct. If there is a confession of his having taken too much wine, of having given way to passion, or of having been wasteful and improvident, *that* note, we may be sure, was not destroyed. All the excuses he sends for not coming home to dinner are carefully registered. These, we observe, are generally signed, your "faithful and obedient husband." Sometimes a word of endearment is added — "Dear Prue, — I dine with Lord Halifax. For thee I die, for thee I languish."

It may be worth noticing that when Lady Steele, ill and vexed, went off to Carmarthen, she left the children with her husband, and he appears always in the light of an affectionate father. On every side he is spoken of as a kind-hearted man. In domestic life he was capable of fits of passion, but he soon recovered from them, and was made miserable if perfect reconciliation did not follow. In public life he was impetuous and violent in the treatment of political topics, but he nourished no anger against political opponents. If it was the question whether a rebel was to be hanged or a fellow-Minister was to be impeached, he gave his vote always on the side of clemency. Vain men are said to be usually good-natured. We are not quite sure if this is the case; but Steele certainly united a large share of vanity to a large share of amiability. He was by no means envious.

He thought highly of his own services to the nation, or the house of Hanover, and could inveigh against the ingratitude of courts; but if the house of Hanover did not recognize the great debt it owed to him, he did not allow this to sour his temper. As for him, he knew himself to be always the pure and exalted patriot, though anxious, it is true, to push his way to some post of emolument. And if he was extravagant and dissipated, and plagued everybody that had any dealings with him, with his unpunctualities, and his broken promises, he himself was conscious all the time of regulating his life, not by so low a motive as the good opinion of society, but on the most abstract considerations of morality and feligion!

Even in his cups, Steele seems to have been amiable, and most polite, if we may judge by the glimpses we get of him in that condition. Here is one. The Bishop of Bangor is invited to a Whig meeting at the Trumpet in Shoe Lane, assembled to do honour to the late King William. In the course of the evening John Sly, the hatter, of facetious memory, mellow with wine, comes into the room on his knees, with a tankard of ale in his hand, to drink off the immortal memory, and retires in the same manner. The Bishop was probably looking grave, for Steele, in his good-nature, whispered to him, "Do laugh; it is humanity to laugh." As the evening proceeded, Sir Richard Steele became in a worse condition than John Sly; he was put into a chair and sent home. "Nothing would serve him," continues the narrator of the anecdote, "but being carried to the Bishop of Bangor's, late as it was. However, the chairmen carried him home, and got him up-stairs, where his great complaisance would wait on them down-stairs, which he did, and then was got quietly to bed."

But we must find space for a few extracts from these letters to Lady Steele, which, to our mind, are the most amusing part of the present biography, and which certainly make us more intimately acquainted than any other with the character of Steele. We commence with one which seems to have been written immediately after the Lady's departure to Carmarthen: —

"Nov. 17, 1716.

"DEAR PRUE, — Molly's distemper proves the small-pox, which she has very favourably, and a good kind. The whole family are in health beside the dear infant. . . . I love you to distraction; for I cannot be angry at anything you do, let it be ever so odd and unexpected, to the tenderest of husbands."

"We had not when you left us an inch of candle, a pound of coal, or a bit of meat in the house, but we do not want now."

"January 1.

"DEAR, DEAR PRUE, — I wish you from my soul a happy new year, and many very different from what we have hitherto had. In order thereunto, I have taken a resolution, which, by the blessing of God, I will steadfastly keep, to make my children partners with me in all my future gain, in the manner I have before described to you. That you may be convinced of this happy change, you shall be yourself the keeper of what I lay up for them by quarterly portions from this day. — I am," &c.

"DEAR PRUE, — I have yours, and if I have ever offended you I am heartily sorry for it, and beg your pardon. . . . I do, as you advise, court and converse with men able and willing to serve me. But after this you grow very pleasant, and talk of £800. Please to show me in your next how you make out such a demand upon me, and you shall have my serious answer to it. Your words are, 'the full £800 you owe me.' You advise me to take care of my soul; I do not know what you can think of yours, when you have and do withhold from me your body.

"To the Lady Steele, at Carmarthen, South Wales.

"(FRANK) RICHARD STEELE.

"Feb. 16, 1717.

"DEAR PRUE, — Sober or not, I am ever yours,
RICH. STEELE.

"MY DEAREST PRUE, AND BELOVED WIFE, — I have yours of the 7th, which turns wholly upon my taking care of my health, and advice to forbear embarking too deeply in public matters, which you enforce by reminding me of the ingratitude I have met with. . . . I am talking to my wife, and therefore may speak my heart, and the vanity of it. I know, and you are my witness, that I have served the royal family with an unreservedness due only to heaven, and I am now (I thank my brother Whigs) not possessed of twenty shillings from the favour of the Court. You shall find," &c.

Steele seems to have had a certain passage of Shakespeare ringing in his head —

"Oh, Cromwell, Cromwell, had I but served my God," &c.

In the next extract we give, Steele shows, as is usual with men of his temperament, an "intolerance of anything that manifests a disrespect." Lady Steele had contented herself more than once with sending a message instead of writing herself. He answers: —

"DEAR PRUE, — I have a letter from Blanche of the 6th. . . . I cannot, nor will I, bear such apparent neglect of me; and therefore if you do not write yourself, except you are not well, I will not write to you any more, than by telling your secretary 'I am well.'"

"DEAR PRUE, — Your son is now with me, very merry in rags, which condition I am going to better, for he shall have new things immediately. He is extremely pretty, and has his face sweetened with something of the Venus his mother, which is no small delight to the Vulcan his father.

"DEAR PRUE, — I have yours of the 17th, and am beholden to you that you will be persuaded to dress when I am with you. As to my share about the brats, Gilmore's affair goes on so happily that I am in no manner of doubt but I shall be able to do amply for them. I like your expression about immortality, and know our happiness in the next life will depend very much on our behaviour to each other in this. As to my vivacities, they are changed into — changed into — changed into cheerful endeavors for my family. I never can, I own at the same time, be what they call thoroughly frugal; but my expense shall be at home, in a plentiful supply of all things for you and the brats, with regard to pleasure as well as necessities."

"Gilmore's affair" was the famous invention of the Fishpool. How far he calculated on it may be seen in other letters; in one he makes it a great virtue that he does not mean to begin spending the profits of the Fishpool till the said invention has been tried, and been found profitable. He promises that his wife, children, and servants "shall be better provided than any other family in England." We see, by the commencement of the last letter quoted, that he had formed the design of paying a visit to his wife in Wales. This design, however, was never executed. It was not till after the death of Lady Steele that he even saw the estate in Carmarthenshire about which he and his wife held so many discussions.

Little more remains to tell of the life of Steele. When Walpole came into power, he redressed the injury that the Duke of Newcastle had inflicted — he restored his patent to him. Prosperity came also in another and still more gratifying shape. After a long interval he had returned to dramatic composition, and his comedy of 'The Conscious Lovers' met with a complete success. It must also have been profitable to him, since, besides the usual receipts from representation and the sale of the copy, the King (to whom the play was dedicated) made him a present of £500.

But previous debts in all probability absorbed these profits, and now to debt was to be added disease. Shattered in health he retired into Wales, and took up his abode (by the consent of the mortgagees) on his late wife's property at Langunnor, near Carmarthen. A paralytic attack impaired his mental as well as physical powers; yet a pleasant picture is sketched of the last days of the invalid, who is said to have enjoyed his country solitude. He died in this retirement, September 1, 1729. The last glimpse we have of him is given us by a Mr. Virtue: "I was told that he retained his cheerful sweetness of temper to the last, and would often be carried out of a summer's evening, when the country lads and lasses were assembled at their rural sports, and with his pencil he gave an order on his agent, the mercer, for a new gown to the best dancer." The curtain falls gracefully.

As to the literary reputation which Steele may be said to enjoy at the present day, it seems to us to be of that traditional order which no one cares to dispute and very few care to verify. There is a class of readers of a critical and scholarly description who, by much intimacy with books, become initiated into the style of writing and mode of thinking of past ages. Men of this description have spoken highly of Steele. Thackeray finds his comedies "such pleasant reading and their heroes such fine gentlemen." Hazlitt prefers the 'Tatler' to the 'Spectator.' He speaks of Steele as of "a writer who has often put me in good humour with myself and everything about me when few things else could, and when the tomes of casuistry and ecclesiastical history, with which the little volumes of the 'Tatler' were overwhelmed and surrounded, had tried their tranquillizing effect upon me in vain." Tomes of casuistry and ecclesiastical history are not in general resorted to for their tranquillizing effect; but it is enough for us to know that the 'Tatler' had this happy influence on Hazlitt. We find other testimonies quoted by Mr. Montgomery to the great merit of Steele. We cannot doubt that these men, almost our own contemporaries, read the comedies and the essays of Steele with the pleasure they describe; but put the case of any intelligent contemporary who has not studied with particular interest the reign of Queen Anne, who has not cultivated a taste for the literature of a bygone age, who comes with his nineteenth-century education to the book he opens, and asks it to give him, then and there, without further preparation, amusement or ideas — will he find the comedies of Steele pleasant

reading, or experience in the 'Tatler' that higher tranquillising influence which reconciles us to ourselves and to the world? We suspect that a fit of extreme impatience would come over him were he shut up, say for half a day, with the best productions of Steele.

A large portion of Steele's writings were produced only for some temporary purpose, and will be consulted only by the historian of the epoch, and not by him to much result. Steele lived at that transitional period when literature was beginning to be understood as a profession. But it was not yet a profession to which the man of letters could entirely trust for his support — he still trusted half to patronage, and made use of his pen in the hope of being promoted to be a commissioner of stamps, or obtaining some appointment of that description. Thus Steele, pen in hand, was constantly pushing his fortune "amongst those poor creatures called great men" — great men whom our moralist criticises, and dissects, and flatters, and idolises at the same time. No wonder we see him rushing from literature into politics, and back again from politics to literature.

In accordance with this mixed life — half politician, half man of letters — is that half-literary half-conversational style in which Steele writes. Perfect art conceals art — perfect art becomes a second nature; but he who studies how to write, yet stops short in his studies before he has acquired this perfect art, will always seem as if he were seeking how to express himself. He will be careless enough to blunder, but still he will never escape the air of premeditation. What, in all but the very best productions of Steele, renders us impatient with him, is that he seems always to be expressing himself. The thought and the language do not flow forth together — we trace the effort of art without the result of art — we have the carelessness of conversation without its ease.

And the thought itself often wears such an unreal aspect. When Steele talks about immortality, it does not seem to you as if he really meant it; but immortality was a solemn serious word which could be introduced effectively, and ought to be introduced on certain occasions. In his serious writings the sentence is not there to express a thought, but a certain amount of thought is employed in manufacturing a sentence. Mr. Hazlitt, for instance (in that quotation which Mr. Montgomery has supplied us with), while he is praising Steele, has, in this respect, caught very successfully the

manner of Steele. No one, in fact, ever did compare the tranquillizing effect of tomes of casuistry and ecclesiastical history with the light papers of the 'Tatler,' but the suggested comparison seems to shape a sentence which looks very well if you re-

THE EAGLES IN CONGRESS.

THE Eagles of late had to loggerheads got
After long living happy together,
In a holy alliance of absolute sway
O'er the small fry of fur and of feather.

'Twas but last year the two German heads of
the breed

Had joined in a grand federation
To dismember a poor Danish cock o' the wood,
Who objected to Germanisation.

In vain he prayed aid from the Eagle of France,
In vain from the bull-dog of Britain;
Both promised, but neither would make first advance,
So the poor bird was swooped on and smitten.

His limbs were apportioned — a drumstick to one,
A nice liver-pinion to t'other;
And psalms were intoned, and *Te Deums* were sung,
The cries of the victim to smother.

But in act of apportionment, fairly to fix
Six for one to the other's half dozen,
The Eagle of High Hohenzollern essayed
The Eagle of Hapsburg to cozen.

'Tis a way Eagles have, and 'tis lucky that tho'
In couples they hunt keen as beagles,
They are apt to fall out in dividing their prey,
On what's called "want of honour 'mong Eagles."

Hapsburg's Eagle drew up, Hohenzollern's
looked big,

Each showed talons and neck-feathers ruffled,
Each appealed to the buzzards and kites that
around

Uneasily sidled and shuffled.

Hapsburg swore Hohenzollern was breaking the
peace;

Hohenzollern 'gainst Hapsburg swore ditto.
Each vowed that the other, in spite of his teeth,
Arms in self-defence forced him to get to.

Each called on the vultures and hawks of his
blood,

Of his creed or dynastic connection,
In Vaterland's name to strike in on his side,
On pain of paternal correction.

Hohenzollern, when Vaterland's aquiline race
Hung back or adhered to his foeman,
To Italia's eagle appealed in his strait, —
The eagle that once was called Roman,

And fain would be Roman again, — newly fleshed
From Magenta, Messina, Volturmo;
A bird that would gladly set Hapsburg's arse
In a hotter than DANTE'S *Inferno*.

frain from examining it. However, in parting with Steele, we would much rather leave him with the full benefit of such testimonials to his merit as Mr. Montgomery has here collected, than insist on any less laudatory opinion of our own.

So the quarrel spread wide and more wide, till
the world

Looked aghast for the clashing of pinions,
The tearing of talons, the rending of beaks,
Through the far-spreading Eagle dominions.

When suddenly in sailed the Eagle of France,
Calm, taciturn, lean, and long-headed,
Called as Aquiline Arbitrer down from the skies,
To avert the catastrophe dreaded.

"What! brothers use talons and claws, save
for prey

On the bird-tribe, for eating that cries out?
Forbear from such fratricide: 'hawks,' as they
say,

'Should be too wise for picking hawks' eyes
out.'

"In Congress assemble — there fix, without
blows,

What birds, to what sauce, shall be eaten;
If not, and you *will* fight, *we victis*, you know, —
I'll be down on you both when dead beaten."

Quoth the Eagle of Hapsburg, "I ask nothing
more —

'Tis quite 'gainst my will we've been arming."
"Ditto," quoth Hohenzollern, "if I'm up in arms,
'Tis that Hapsburg's claws looked so alarm-
ing."

"Then a Congress," quoth Hapsburg, "but,
par parenthese,

On one point I'll no meddling submit to —
My Venetian preserve — "No, nor I," inter-
posed

Hohenzollern, "on my German ditto."

"Nor will I undertake not to get back my own,
Of which that black carrion has robbed me" —
Screamed Italia's hot eagle, "aye, robbed is the
word!

Out of which he has not fought, but jobbed me."

"Fair and softly!" replied the calm Eagle of
France,

"Of your answers I quite read the moral;
You're all willing to meet, if it's quite understood
Nothing's said about each eagle's quarrel.

"Were the Congress for peace, that might make
it absurd,

But as 'tis to find plausible reason
For not making peace, your exceptions I own
Appear to me strictly in season.

'So we'll meet, and we'll talk, and if then you
should fight,

Your conscience no doubt will feel easy:
As for me, I've some qualms still 'bout justice
and right —

The Congress may leave me less queasy."

— *Punch*, June 9.

PART XIII. — CHAPTER XLVIII.

UP AT THE MINE.

THOUGH they carried their convivialities into a late hour of the night, Sir Brook was stirring early on the next morning, and was at Tom Lendrick's bedside ere he was awake.

"We had no time for much talk together, Tom, when you came up last night," said he; "nor is there much now, for I am off to England within an hour."

"Off to England! and the mine?"

"The mine must take care of itself, Tom, till you are stronger and able to look after it. My care at present is to know if Trafford be going back with you."

"I meant that he should; in fact, I came over here expressly to ask you what was best to be done. You can guess what I allude to; and I had brought with me a letter which Lucy thought you ought to read; and indeed I intended to be as cautious and circumspect as might be, but I was scarcely on shore when Trafford rushed across a street and threw his arm over my shoulder, and almost sobbed out his joy at seeing me. So overcome was I that I forgot all my prudence — all indeed that I came for. I asked him to come up with me — ay, and to come back too with me to the island and stay a week there."

"I scarcely think that can be done," said the old man, gravely. "I like Trafford well, and would be heartily glad I could like him still better; but I must learn more about him ere I consent to his going over to Madalena. What is this letter you speak of?"

"You'll find it in the pocket of my dressing-case there. Yes, that's it."

"It's a longish epistle, but in a hand I well know — at least I knew it well long ago." There was an indescribable sadness in the tone in which he said this, and he turned away that his face should not be seen. He seated himself in a recess of the window and read the letter from end to end. With a heavy sigh he laid it on the table, and muttered below his breath, "What a long long way to have journeyed from what I first saw her, to that!"

Tom did not venture to speak, nor show by any sign that he had heard him, and the old man went on in broken sentences — "And to think that these are the fine natures — the graceful — the beautiful, that are thus wrecked! It is hard to believe it. In the very same characters of that letter I have read such things, so beautiful, so touching, so tender, as made the eyes overflow to

follow them. You see I was right, Tom," cried he aloud, in a strong stern voice, "when I said that she should not be your sister's companion. I told Sewell I would not permit it. I was in a position to dictate my own terms to him, and I did so. I must see Trafford about this;" and as he spoke he arose and left the room.

While Tom proceeded to dress himself, he was not altogether pleased with the turn of events. If he had made any mistake in inviting Trafford to return with him, there would be no small awkwardness in recalling the invitation. He saw plainly enough he had been precipitate, but precipitation is one of those errors which, in their own cases, men are prone to ascribe to warm-heartedness. "Had I been as distrustful or suspicious as that publican yonder," is the burthen of their self-gratulation; and in all that moral surgery where men operate on themselves, they cut very gingerly.

"Of course," muttered Tom, "I can't expect Sir Brook will take the same view of these things. Age and suspicion are simply convertible terms, and, thank heaven, I have not arrived at either."

"What are you thanking heaven for?" said Sir Brook, entering. "In nine cases out of ten men use that formula as a measure of their own vanity. For which of your shortcomings were you professing your gratitude, Tom?"

"Have you seen Trafford, sir?" asked Tom, trying to hide his confusion by the question.

"Yes, we have had some talk together."

Tom waited to hear further, and showed by his air of expectation how eager he felt; but the old man made no sign of any disclosure, but sat there silent and wrapped in thought. "I asked him this," said the old man, fiercely. "'If you had got but one thousand pounds in all the world, would it have occurred to you to go down and stake it on a match of billiards against Jonathan?'" "Unquestionably not," he replied; "I never could have dreamed of such presumption."

"And on what pretext, by what impulse of vanity," said I, "were you prompted to enter the lists with one every way your superior in tact, in craft, and in coquetry? If she accepted your clumsy addresses, did you never suspect that there was a deeper game at issue than your pretensions?" "You are all mistaken," said he, growing crimson with shame as he spoke; "I made no advances whatever. I made her certain confidences, it is true, and I asked her advice; and then as we grew to be more inti-

mate we wrote to each other, and Sewell came upon my letters, and affected to think I was trying to steal his wife's affection. She could have dispelled the suspicion at once. She could have given the key to the whole mystery, and why she did not is more than I can say. My unlucky accident just then occurred, and I only issued from my illness to hear that I had lost largely at play, and was so seriously compromised besides, that it was a question whether he should shoot me, or sue for a divorce.'

"It was clear enough that so long as he represented the heir to the Holt property, Sewell treated him with a certain deference; but when Trafford declared to his family that he would accept no dictation, but go his own road whatever the cost, from that moment Sewell pressed his claims, and showed little mercy in his exactions.

"And what's your way out of this mess?" asked I. "What do you propose to do?"

"I have written to my father, begging he will pay off this debt for me—the last I shall ever ask him to acquit. I have requested my brother to back my petition; and I have told Sewell the steps I have taken, and promised him if they should fail that I will sell out, and acquit my debt at the price of my commission."

"And at the price of your whole career in life?"

"Just so. If you'll not employ me in the mine, I must turn navy."

"And how, under such circumstances as these, can you accept Tom Lendrick's invitation, and go over to Madalena?"

"I could not well say no when he asked me, but I determined not to go. I only saw the greater misery I should bring on myself. Cave can send me off in haste to Gibraltar or to Malta. In fact, I pass off the stage and never turn up again during the rest of the performance."

"Poor fellow!" said Tom, with deep feeling.

He was so manly throughout it all," said Fossbrooke, "so straightforward and so simple. Had there been a grain of coxcomb in his nature, the fellow would have thought the woman in love with him, and made an arrant fool of himself in consequence, but his very humility saved him. I'm not sure, Master Tom, you'd have escaped so safely—eh?"

"I don't see why you think so."

"Now for action," said Fossbrooke. "I must get to England at once. I shall go over to Holt, and see if I can do anything with Sir Hugh. I expect little, for when

men are under the frown of fortune they plead with small influence. I shall then pass over to Ireland. With Sewell I can promise myself more success. I may be away three or four weeks. Do you think yourself strong enough to come back here and take my place till I return?"

"Quite so. I'll write and tell Lucy to join me."

"I'd wait till Saturday," said Fossbrooke in a low voice. "Cave says they can sail by Saturday morning, and it would be as well Lucy did not arrive till they are gone."

"You are right," said Tom, thoughtfully.

"It's not his poverty I'm thinking of," cried Fossbrooke. "With health, and strength, and vigour, a man can fight poverty. I want to learn that he is as clean-handed in this affair with the Sewells as he thinks himself. If I once were sure of that, I'd care little for his loss of fortune. I'd associate him with us in the mine, Tom. There will always be more wealth here than we can need. That new shaft promises splendidly. Such fat ore I have not seen for many a day."

Tom's mouth puckered, and his expression caught a strange sort of half-quizzical look, but he did not venture to speak.

"I know well," added the old man, cautiously, "that it's no good service to a young fellow to plunge him at once into ample means without making him feel the fatigues and trials of honest labour. He must be taught to believe that there's work before him—hard work too. He must be made to suppose that it is only by persistence and industry, and steady devotion to the pursuit, that it will yield its great results."

"I don't suspect our success will turn his head," said Tom, dryly.

"That's the very thing I want to guard against, Tom. Don't you see it is there all my anxiety lies?"

"Let him take a turn of our life here, and I'll warrant him against the growth of an over-sanguine disposition."

"Just so," said Fossbrooke, too intensely immersed in his own thought either to notice the words or the accents of the other—"just so; a hard winter up here in the snows, with all the tackle frozen, ice on the cranks, ice on the chains, ice everywhere, a dense steam from the heated air below, and a cutting sleet above, try a man's chest smartly; and then that lead colic, of which you can tell him something. These give a zest and a difficulty that prove what a man's nature is like."

"They have proved mine pretty well," said Tom, with a bitter laugh.

"And there's nothing like it in all the world for forming a man!" cried Fossbrooke, in a voice of triumph. "Your fair-weather fellows go through life with half their natures unexplored. They know no more of the interior country of their hearts than we do of Central Africa. Beyond the fact that there is something there — something — they know nothing. A man must have conflict, struggle, peril, to feel what stuff there's in him. He must be baffled, thwarted, ay, and even defeated. He must see himself amongst other men as an unlucky dog that fellows will not willingly associate with. He must, on poor rations and tattered clothing, keep up a high heart — not always an easy thing to do; and, hardest of all, he must train himself never in all his poverty to condescend to a meanness that when his better day comes he would have to blush for."

"If you weight poverty with all those fine responsibilities, I suspect you'll break its back at once," said Tom, laughing.

"Far from it. It is out of these self-same responsibilities that poverty has a backbone at all;" and the old man stood bolt upright, and threw back his head as though he were emblemizing what he had spoken of.

"Now, Tom, for business. Are you strong enough to come back here and look after the shaft?"

"Yes, I think so. I hope so."

"I shall probably be some weeks away. I'll have to go over to Holt; and I mean to run down amongst the Cornwall fellows and show them some of our ore. I'll make their mouths water when they see it."

Tom bit off the end of his cigar, but did not speak.

"I mean to make Beattie a present of ten shares in that new shaft, too. I declare it's like a renewal of youth to me to feel I can do this sort of thing again. I'll have to write to your father to come back also. Why should he live in exile while we could all be together again in affluence and comfort?"

Tom's eyes ranged round the bare walls and the shattered windows, and he raised his eyebrows in astonishment at the other's illusions.

"We had a stiff 'heat' before we weathered the point, that's certain, Tom," said the old man. "There were days when the sky looked dark enough, and it needed all our pluck and all our resolution to push on; but I never lost heart — I never wavered about our certainty of success — did I?"

"No; that you did not. And if you had, I certainly should not have wondered at it."

"I'll ask you to bear this testimony to me one of these days, and to tell how I bore up at times that you yourself were not over hopeful."

"Oh, that you may. I'll be honest enough to own that the sanguine humour was a rare one with me."

"And it is your worst fault. It is better for a young fellow to be disappointed every hour of the twenty-four than to let incredulity gain on him. Believe everything that it would be well to believe, and never grow soured with fortune if the dice don't turn up as you want them. I declare I'm sorry to leave this spot just now, when all looks so bright and cheery about it. You're a lucky dog, Tom, to come in when the battle is won, and nothing more to do than announce the victory." And so saying he hurried off to prepare for the road, leaving Tom Lendrick in a state of doubt whether he should be annoyed or amused at the opinions he had heard from him.

CHAPTER XLIX.

PARTING COUNSELS.

QUICK and decided in all his movements, Fossbrooke set out almost immediately after this scene with Tom, and it was only as they gathered together at breakfast that it was discovered he had gone.

"He left Bermuda in the very same fashion," said Cave. "He had bought a coffee-plantation in the morning, and he set out the same night; and I don't believe he ever saw his purchase after. I asked him about it, and he said he thought — he wasn't quite sure — he made it a present to Dick Molyneux on his marriage. 'I only know,' said he, 'it's not mine now.'"

As they sat over their breakfast, or smoked after it, they exchanged stories about Fossbrooke, all full of his strange eccentric ways, but all equally abounding in traits of kind-heartedness and generosity. Comparing him with other men of liberal mould, the great and essential difference seemed to be that Fossbrooke never measured his generosity. When he gave, he gave all that he had; he had no notion of aiding or assisting. His idea was to establish a man at once — easy, affluent, and independent. He abounded in precepts of prudence, maxims of thrift, and suchlike; but in practice he was recklessly lavish.

"Why an't there more like him?" cried Trafford, enthusiastically.

"I'm not sure it would be better," said Cave. "The race of idle, cringing, do-nothing fellows is large enough already. I suspect men like Fossbrooke—at least what he was in his days of prosperity—give a large influence to the spread of dependants."

"The fault I find with him," said Tom, "is his credulity. He believes everything, and, what's worse, every one. There are fellows here who persuade him this mine is to make his fortune, and if he had thousands to-morrow he would embark them all in this speculation, the only result of which is to enrich these people, and ruin ourselves."

"Is that your view of it?" asked Cave, in some alarm.

"Of course it is; and if you doubt it, come down with me into the gallery, as they call it, and judge for yourself."

"But I have already joined the enterprise."

"What! invested money in it?"

"Ay. Two thousand pounds—a large sum for me, I promise you. It was with immense persuasion, too, I got Fossbrooke to let me have these shares. He offered me scores of other things as a free gift in preference—salmon-fisheries in St. John's—a saw-mill on Lake Huron—a large track of land at the Cape; I don't know what else; but I was firm to the copper, and would have nothing but this."

"I went in for lead," said Trafford, laughingly.

"You; and are you involved in this also?" asked Tom.

"Yes; so far as I have promised to sell out, and devote whatever remains after paying my debts to the mine."

"Why, this beats all the infatuation I ever heard of! You have not the excuse of men at a distance, who have only read or listened to plausible reports, but you have come here; you have been on the spot; you have seen with your own eyes the poverty-stricken air of the whole concern, the broken machinery, the ruined scaffoldings, the mounds of worthless dross that hide the very approach to the shaft; and you have seen us, too, and where, and how we live!"

"Very true," broke in Cave, "but I have heard him talk, and I could no more resist the force of his words than I could stand in a current and not be carried down by it."

"Exactly so," chimed in Trafford; "he was all the more irresistible that he did not

seek to persuade. Nay, he tried his utmost to put me off the project, and, as with the Colonel, he offered me dozens of other ways to push my fortune, without costing me a farthing."

"Might not we," said Cave, "ask how it comes that you, taking this dispiriting view of all here, still continue to embark your fortunes in its success?"

"It is just because they are my fortunes; had it been my fortune, I had been more careful. There is all the difference in life between a man's hopes and his bank-stock. But if you ask me why I hang on here, after I have long ceased to think anything can come of it, my answer is, I do so just as I would refuse to quit the wreck, when he declared he would not leave it. It might be I should save my life by deserting him; but it would be little worth having afterwards; and I'd rather live with him in daily companionship, watching his manly courageous temper and his high-hearted way of dealing with difficulties, than I would go down the stream prosperously with many another; and over and over have I said to myself, If that fine nature of his can make defeat so endurable, what splendour of triumph would it not throw over a real success!"

"And this is exactly what we want to share," said Trafford, smiling.

"But what do either of you know of the man, beyond the eccentricity, or the general kindness with which he meets you? You have not seen him as I have, rising to his daily toil with a racking head and a fevered frame, without a word of complaint, or anything beyond a passing syllable of discomfort; never flinching, never yielding; as full of kind thought for others, as full of hopeful counsel, as in his best days; lightening labour with proverb and adage, and stimulating zeal with many a story. You can't picture to yourselves this man, once at the head of a princely fortune, which he dispensed with more than princely liberality, sharing a poor miner's meal of beans and oil with pleasant humour, and drinking a toast, in wine that would set the teeth on edge, to that good time when they would have more generous fare, and as happy hearts to enjoy it."

"Nor have you seen him, as I have, the nurse beside the sick-bed, so gentle, so thoughtful—a very woman in tenderness; and all that after a day of labour that would have borne down the strongest and the stoutest. And who is he that takes the world in such good part, and thinks so hopefully of his fellow-men? The man of

all his time who has been most betrayed, most cheated, whose trust has been most often abused, whose benefits have been oftenest paid back in ingratitude. It is possible enough he may not be the man to guide one to wealth and fortune; but to whatever condition of life he leads, of one thing I am certain, there will be no better teacher of the spirit and temper to enjoy it; there will be none who will grace any rank — the highest or the humblest — with a more manly dignity."

"It was knowing all this of him," said Cave, "that impelled me to associate myself with any enterprise he belonged to. I felt that if success were to be won by persistent industry and determination, his would do it, and that his noble character gave a guarantee for fair dealing better than all the parchments lawyers could engross."

"From what I have seen of life, I'd not say that success attends such men as he is," said Tom. "The world would be perhaps too good if it were so."

Silence now fell upon the party, and the three men smoked on for some time without a word. At last Tom, rising from the bench where he had been seated, said, "Take my advice, keep to your soldiering, and have nothing to do with this concern here. You sail on Saturday next, and by Sunday evening, if you can forget that there is such an island as Sardinia, and such poor devils on it as ourselves, it will be all the better for you."

"I am sorry to see you so depressed, Lendrick," said Cave.

"I'm not so low as you suspect; but I'd be far lower if I thought that others were going to share our ill-fortunes."

Though the speech had no direct reference to Trafford, it chanced that their eyes met as he spoke, and Trafford's face flushed to a deep crimson as he felt the application of the words.

"Come here, Tom," said he, passing his arm within Lendrick's, and leading him off the terrace into a little copse of wild hollies at the foot of it. "Let me have one word with you." They walked on some seconds without a word, and when Trafford spoke his voice trembled with agitation. "I don't know," muttered he, "if Sir Brook has told you of the change in my fortunes — that I am passed over in the entail by my father, and am, so to say, a beggar."

Lendrick nodded, but said nothing.

"I have got debts, too, which, if not paid by my family, will compel me to sell out — has he told you this?"

"Yes; I think he said so."

"Like the kind, good fellow he is," continued Trafford, "he thinks he can do something with my people — talk my father over, and induce my mother to take my side. I'm afraid I know them better, and that they're not sorry to be rid of me at last. It is, however, just possible — I will not say more, but just possible — that he may succeed in making some sort of terms for me before they cut me off altogether. I have no claim whatever, for I have spent already the portion that should have come to me as a younger son. I must be frank with you, Tom. There's no use in trying to make my case seem better than it is." He paused, and appeared to expect that the other would say something; but Tom smoked on, and made no sign whatever.

"And it comes to this," said Trafford, drawing a long breath and making a mighty effort, "I shall either have some small pittance or other — and small it must be — or be regularly cleaned out without a shilling."

A slight, very slight, motion of Tom's shoulders showed that he had heard him.

"If the worst is to befall me," said Trafford, with more energy than he had shown before, "I'll no more be a burthen to you than to any other of my friends. You shall hear little more of me; but if Fortune is going to give me her last chance, will you give me one also?"

"What do you mean?" said Tom, curtly.

"I mean," stammered out Trafford, whose colour came and went with agitation as he spoke — "I mean, shall I have your leave — that is, may I go over to Madalena? — may I — O Tom," burst he out at last, "you know well what hope my heart clings to."

"If there was nothing but a question of money in the way," broke in Tom, boldly, "I don't see how beggars like ourselves could start very strong objections. That a man's poverty should separate him from us would be a little too absurd; but there's more than that in it. You have got into some scrape or other. I don't want to force a confidence — I don't want to hear about it. It's enough for me that you are not a free man."

"If I can satisfy you that this is not the case" —

"It won't do to satisfy me," said Tom, with a strong emphasis on the last word.

"I mean, if I can show that nothing unworthy, nothing dishonourable, attaches to me."

"I don't suspect all that would suffice. It's not a question of your integrity or your honour. It's the simple matter whether, when professing to care for one woman, you made love to another?"

"If I can disprove that. It's a long story" —

"Then, for heaven's sake, don't tell it to me."

"Let me, at least, show that it is not fair to shun me."

There was such a tone of sorrow in his voice as he spoke that Tom turned at once towards him, and said, "If you can make all this affair straight—I mean, if it be clear that there was no more in it than such a passing levity that better men than either of us have now and then fallen into—I don't see why you may not come back with me."

"Oh, Tom, if you really will let me!"

"Remember, however, you come at your own peril. I tell you frankly, if your explanation should fail to satisfy the one who has to hear it, it fails with me too—do you understand me?"

"I think I do," said Trafford, with dignity.

"It's as well that we should make no mistake; and now you are free to accept my invitation or to refuse it. What do you say?"

"I say, Yes. I go back with you."

"I'll go and see, then, if Cave will join us," said Tom, turning hastily away, and very eager to conceal the agitation he was suffering, and of which he was heartily ashamed.

Cave accepted the project with delight—he wanted to see the island—but, more still, he wanted to see that Lucy Lendrick of whom Sir Brook had spoken so rapturously. "I suppose," whispered he in Tom's ear, "you know all about Trafford. You've heard that he has been cut out of the estate, and been left with nothing but his pay?"

Tom nodded assent.

"He's not a fellow to sail under false colours, but he might still have some delicacy in telling about it—"

"He has told me all," said Tom, dryly.

"There was a scrape too—not very serious, I hope—in Ireland."

"He has told me of that also," said Tom. "When shall you be ready? Will four o'clock suit you?"

"Perfectly."

And they parted.

CHAPTER L.

ON THE ISLAND.

WHEN, shortly after daybreak, the felucca rounded the point of the island, and stood in for the little bay of Madalena, Lucy was roused from sleep by her maid with the tidings. "Give me the glass, quickly," cried she, as she rushed to the window, and after one rapid glance, which showed her the little craft gaily decked with the flag of England, she threw herself upon her bed, and sobbed in very happiness. In truth, there was in the long previous day's expectancy—in the conflict of her hope and fear—a tension that could only be relieved by tears.

How delightful it was to rally from that momentary gush of emotion, and feel so happy! To think so well of the world as to believe that all goes for the best in it is a pleasant frame of mind to begin one's day with. To feel that, though we have suffered anxiety, and all the tortures of deferred hope, it was good for us to know that everything was happening better for us than we could have planned it for ourselves, and that positively it was not so much by events we had been persecuted, as by our own impatient reading of them. Something of all these sensations passed through Lucy's mind as she hurried here and there to prepare for her guests, stopping at intervals to look out towards the sea, and wonder how little way the felucca made, and how persistently she seemed to cling to the self-same spot.

Nor was she altogether unjust in this. The breeze had died away at sunrise; and in the interval before the land-wind should spring up, there was almost a dead calm.

"Is she moving at all?" cried Lucy, to one of the sailors who lounged on the rocks beneath the window.

The man thought not. They had kept their course too far from shore, and were becalmed in consequence.

How could they have done so?—surely sailors ought to have known better! and Tom, who was always boasting how he knew every current, and every eddy of wind, what was he about? It was a rude shock to that sweet optimism of a few moments back to have to own that here at least was something that might have been better. "And what ought they to do? what can they do?" asked she, impatiently, of the sailor.

"Wait till towards noon, when the land-breeze freshes up, and beat."

"Beat means, go back and forward, scarcely gaining a mile an hour?"

The sailor smiled, and owned she was not far wrong.

"Which means that they may pass the day there," cried she, fretfully.

"They're not going to do it, anyhow," said the man; "they are lowering a boat, and going to row ashore."

"Oh, how much better! and how long will it take them?"

"Two hours, if they're good rowers; three, or even four, if they're not."

"Come in and have a glass of wine," said she; "and you shall look through the telescope, and tell me how they row, and who are in the boat—I mean, how many are in it."

"What a fine glass! I can see them as if they were only a cable's length off. There's the Signorino Maso, your brother, at the bow oar; and then there's a sailor, and another sailor; and there's a Signore, a large man—per Bacco, he's the size of three—at the stroke; and an old man, with white hair, and a cap with gold lace round it, steering; he has bright buttons down his coat."

"Never mind *him*. What of the large man—is he young?"

"He pulls like a young fellow! There now, he has thrown off his coat, and is going at it in earnest! Ah, he's no Signore after all."

"How no Signore?" asked she, hastily.

"None but a sailor could row as he does! A man must be bred to it to handle an oar in that fashion."

She took the glass impatiently from him, and tried to see the boat; but whether it was the unsteadiness of her hand, or that some dimness clouded her eyes, she could not catch the object, and turned away and left the room.

The land-wind freshened, and sent a strong sea against the boat, and it was not until late in the afternoon that the party landed, and, led by Tom, ascended the path to the cottage. At his loud shout of "Lucy," she came to the door, looking very happy indeed, but more agitated than she well liked. "My sister, Colonel Cave," said Tom, as they came up; "and here's an old acquaintance, Lucy; but he's a major now. Sir Brook is away to England, and sent you all manner of loving messages."

"I have been watching your progress since early morning," said Lucy, "and, in

truth, I scarcely thought you seemed to come nearer. It was a hard pull."

"All Trafford's fault," said Tom, laughing; "he would do more than his share, and kept the boat always dead against her rudder."

"That's not the judgment one of our boatmen here passed on him," said Lucy; "he said it must be a sailor, and no Signore, who was at the stroke oar."

"See what it is to have been educated at Eton, said Cave, slyly, "and yet there are people assail our public schools!"

Thus chatting and laughing, they entered the cottage, and were soon seated at table at a most comfortable little dinner.

"I will say," said Tom in return for some compliment from the Colonel, "she is a capital housekeeper. I never had anything but limpets and sea-urchins to eat till she came, and now I feed like an alderman."

"When men assign us the humble office of providing for them, I remark they are never chary of their compliments," said Lucy, laughingly. "Master Tom is willing to praise my cookery, though he says nothing of my companionship."

"It was such a brotherly speech," chimed in Cave.

"Well, it's jolly, certainly," said Tom, as he leaned back in his chair, "to sit here with that noble sea-view at our feet, and those grand old cliffs over us."

While Cave concurred, and strained his eyes to catch some object out seaward, Trafford, for almost the first time, found courage to address Lucy. He had asked something about whether she liked the island as well as that sweet cottage where first he saw her, and by this they were led to talk of that meeting, and of the long happy day they had passed at Holy Island.

"How I'd like to go back to it!" said Lucy, earnestly.

"To the time, or to the place? to which would you wish to go back?"

"To The Nest," said Lucy, blushing slightly; "they were about the happiest days I ever knew, and dear papa was with us then."

"And is it not possible that you may all meet together there one of these days? he'll not remain at the Cape, will he?"

"I was forgetting that you knew him," said she, warmly; "you met papa since I saw you last; he wrote about you, and told how kindly and tenderly you had nursed him on his voyage."

"Oh, did he? did he indeed speak of me?" cried Trafford, with intense emotion.

"He not only spoke warmly about his affection for you, but he showed pain and jealousy when he thought that some newer friends had robbed him of you—but perhaps you forget the Cape and all about it."

Trafford's face became crimson, and what answer he might have made to this speech there is no knowing, when Tom cried out, "We are going to have our coffee and cigar on the rocks, Lucy, but you will come with us."

"Of course; I have had three long days of my own company, and I am quite wearied of it."

In the little cleft to which they repaired, a small stream divided the space, leaving only room for two people on the rocks at either side; and after some little jesting as to who was to have the coffee-pot and who the brandy-flask, Tom and Cave nestled in one corner, while Lucy and Trafford, with more caution as to proximity, seated themselves on the rock opposite.

"We were talking about the Cape, Major Trafford, I think," said Lucy, determined to bring him back to the dreaded theme.

"Were we? I think not; I think we were remembering all the pleasant days beside the Shannon."

"If you please, more sugar and no brandy; and now for the Cape."

"I'll just hand them the coffee," said he, rising and crossing over to the others.

"Won't she let you smoke, Trafford?" said Tom, seeing the unlighted cigar in the other's fingers; "come over here, then, and escape the tyranny."

"I was just saying," cried Cave, "I wish our Government would establish a protectorate, as they call it, over these islands, and send us out here to garrison them; I call this downright paradise."

"You may smoke, Major Trafford," said Lucy, as he returned; "I am very tolerant about tobacco."

"I don't care for it—at least not now."

"You'd rather tell me about the Cape," said she with a sly laugh. "Well, I'm all attention."

"There's really nothing to tell," said he, in confusion. "Your father will have told you already what a routine sort of thing life is—always meeting the same people—made ever more uniform by their official stations. It's always the Governor, and the Chief-Justice, and the Bishop, and the Attorney-General."

"But they have wives and daughters?"

"Yes; but official people's wives and

daughters are always of the same pattern. They are only females of the species."

"So that you were terribly bored?"

"Just so—terribly bored?"

"What a boon from heaven it must have been then to have met the Sewells," said she, with a well-put-on carelessness.

"Oh, your father mentioned the Sewells, did he?" asked Trafford, eagerly.

"I should think he did mention them! Why, they were the people he was so jealous of. He said that you were constantly with him till they came—his companion, in fact—and that he grieved heavily over your desertion of him."

"There was nothing like desertion; besides," added he, after a moment, "I never suspected he attached any value to my society."

"Very modest, certainly; and probably, as the Sewells did attach this value, you gave it where it was fully appreciated."

"I wish I had never met them," muttered Trafford; and though the words were mumbled beneath his breath, she heard them.

"That sounds very ungratefully," said she, with a smile, "if but one-half of what we hear be true."

"What is it you have heard?"

"I'm keeping Major Trafford from his cigar, Tom; he's too punctilious to smoke in my company, and so I shall leave him to you;" and so saying she arose, and turned towards the cottage.

Trafford followed her on the instant, and overtook her at the porch.

"One word—only one," cried he eagerly. "I see how I have been misrepresented to you. I see what you must think of me; but will you only hear me?"

"I have no right to hear you," said she, coldly.

"Oh, do not say so, Lucy," cried he trying to take her hand, but which she quickly withdrew from him. "Do not say that you withdraw from me the only interest that attaches me to life. If you knew how friendless I am, you would not leave me."

"He upon whom fortune smiles so pleasantly very seldom wants for any blandishments the world has to give; at least, I have always heard that people are invariably courteous to the prosperous."

"And do you talk of me as prosperous?"

"Why, you are my brother's type of all that is luckiest in life. Only hear Tom on the subject! Hear him talk of his friend Trafford, and you will hear of one on whom all the good fairies showered their fairest gifts."

"The fairies have grown capricious then. Has Tom told you nothing—I mean since he came back?"

"No; nothing."

"Then let me tell it."

In very few words, and with wonderfully little emotion, Trafford told the tale of his altered fortunes. Of course he did not reveal the reasons for which he had been disinherited, but loosely implied that his conduct had displeased his father, and with his mother he had never been a favourite. "Mine," said he, "is the vulgar story that almost every family has its instance of—the younger son who goes into the world with the pretensions of a good house, and forgets that he himself is as poor as the neediest man in the regiment. They grew weary of my extravagance, and, indeed, they began to get weary of myself, and I am not surprised at it! and the end has come at last. They have cast me off, and, except my commission, I have now nothing in the world. I told Tom all this, and his generous reply was, 'Your poverty only draws you nearer to us.' Yes, Lucy, these were his words. Do you think that his sister could have spoken them?"

"Before she could do so, she certainly should be satisfied on other grounds than those that touch your fortune," said Lucy, gravely.

"And it was to give her that same satisfaction, I came here," cried he, eagerly. "I accepted Tom's invitation on the sole pledge that I could vindicate myself to you. I know what is laid to my charge, and I know too how hard it will be to clear myself without appearing like a coxcomb." He grew crimson as he said this, and the shame that overwhelmed him was a better advocate than all his words. "But," added he, "you shall think me vain, conceited—a puppy if you will—but you shall not believe me false. Will you listen to me?"

"On one condition I will," said she, calmly.

"Name your condition. What is it?"

"My condition is this: that when I have heard you out—heard all that you care to tell me—if it should turn out that I am not satisfied—I mean, if it appear to me a case in which I ought not be satisfied—you will pledge your word that this conversation will be our last together."

"But, Lucy, in what spirit will you judge me? If you can approach the theme thus coldly, it gives me little hope that you will wish to acquit me."

A deep blush covered her face as she turned away her head but made no answer.

"Be only fair, however," cried he, eagerly. "I ask for nothing more." He drew her arm within his as he spoke, and they turned towards the beach where a little sweep of the bay lay hemmed in between lofty rocks. "Here goes my last throw for fortune," said Trafford, after they had strolled along some minutes in silence. "And oh, Lucy, if you knew how I would like to prolong these minutes before, as it may be, they are lost to me for ever! If you knew how I would like to give this day to happiness and hope!"

She said nothing, but walked along with her head down, her face slightly averted from him.

"I have not told you of my visit to the Priory," said he, suddenly.

"No; how came you to go there?"

"I went to see the place where you had lived, to see the garden you had tended, and the flowers you loved, Lucy. I took away this bit of jasmine from a tree that overhung a little rustic seat. It may be, for aught I know, all that may remain to me of you ere this day closes."

"My dear little garden! I was so fond of it!" she said, concealing her emotion as well as she could.

"I am such a coward," said he, angrily; "I declare I grow ashamed of myself. If any one had told me I would have skulked danger in this wise, I'd have scouted the idea! Take this, Lucy," said he, giving her the sprig of withered jasmine; "if what I shall tell you exculpate me—if you are satisfied that I am not unworthy of your love—you will give it back to me; if I fail"—He could not go on, and another silence of some seconds ensued.

"You know the compact now?" asked he, after a moment. She nodded assent.

For full five minutes they walked along without a word, and then Trafford, at first timidly, but by degrees more boldly, began a narrative of his visit to the Sewells' house. It is not—nor need it be—our task to follow him through a long narrative, broken, irregular, and unconnected as it was. Hampered by the difficulties which on each side beset him of disparaging those of whom he desired to say no word of blame, and of still vindicating himself from all charge of dishonour, he was often, it must be owned, entangled, and sometimes scarcely intelligible. He owned to having been led into high play against his will, and equally against his will induced to form an intimacy with Mrs. Sewell, which, beginning in a confidence, wandered away into heaven knows what of sentimentality, and the like.

Trafford talked of Lucy Lendrick and his love, and Mrs. Sewell talked of her cruel husband and her misery; and they ended by making a little stock-fund of affection, where they came in common to make their deposits and draw their cheques on fortune.

All this intercourse was the more dangerous that he never knew its danger; and though, on looking back, he was astonished to think what intimate relations subsisted between them, yet at the time, these had not seemed in the least strange to him. To her sad complaints of neglect, ill-usage, and insult, he offered such consolations as occurred to him; nor did it seem to him that there was any peril in his path, till his mother burst forth with that atrocious charge against Mrs. Sewell for having seduced her son, and which, so far from repelling with the indignation it might have evoked, she appeared rather to bend under, and actually seek his protection to shelter her. Weak and broken by his accident at the race, these difficulties almost overcame his reason; never was there, to his thinking, such a web of entanglement. The hospitality of the house he was enjoying outraged and violated by the outbreaks of his mother's temper; Sewell's confidence in him betrayed by the confessions he daily listened to from his wife; her sorrows and griefs all tending to a dependence on his counsels which gave him a partnership in her conduct. "With all these upon me," said he, "I don't think I was actually mad, but very often I felt terribly close to it. A dozen times a-day I would willingly have fought Sewell; as willingly would I have given all I ever hoped to possess in the world to enable his wife to fly his tyranny, and live apart from him. I so far resented my mother's outrageous conduct, that I left her without a good-bye."

I can no more trace him through this wandering explanation than I dare ask my reader to follow. It was wild, broken, and discursive. Now interrupted by protestations of innocence, now dashed by acknowledgments of sorrow, who knows if his unartistic story did not serve him better than a more connected narrative — there was such a palpable truth in it!

Nor was Lucy less disposed to leniency that he who pleaded before her was no longer the rich heir of a great estate, with a fair future before him, but one poor and portionless as herself. In the reserve with which he shrouded his quarrel with his family, she fancied she could see the original

cause — his love for her; and if this were so, what more had she need of to prove his truth and fidelity? Who knows if her woman's instinct had not revealed this to her? Who knows if in that finer intelligence of the female mind she had not traced out the secret of the reserve that hampered him, of the delicate forbearance which avoided the theme of his estrangement from his family! And if so, what a plea was it for him! Poor fellow, thought she, what has he not given up for me!

Rich men make love with great advantages on their side. There is no doubt that he who can confer demesnes and diamonds has much in his favour. The power that abides in wealth adds marvellous force to the suitor's tale; but there is, be it owned, that in poverty which, when allied with a sturdy self-dependence, appeals wonderfully to a woman's mind. She feels all the devotion that is offered her, and she will not be outdone in generosity. It is so fine of him, when others care nothing but for wealth and riches, to be satisfied with humble fortune, and with me! There is the summing up, and none need be more conclusive.

How long Trafford might have gone on strengthening his case, and calling up fresh evidence to his credit — by what force of words he might still have sustained his character for fidelity — there is no saying; but his eloquence was suddenly arrested by the sight of Cave and Tom coming to meet them.

"Oh, Lucy," cried he, "do not quit my arm till you tell me my fate. For very pity's sake, do not leave me in the misery of this anxiety," said he, as she disengaged herself, affecting to arrange her shawl.

"I have a word to say to my brother," said she, hurriedly; "keep this sprig of jasmine for me. I mean to plant it somewhere;" and without another word she hastened away and made for the house.

"So we shall have to sail at once, Trafford," said Cave. "The Admiral has sent over the Gondomar to fetch us; and here's a lieutenant with a dispatch waiting for us at the cottage."

"The service may go — no I don't mean that; but, if you sail to-morrow, you sail without me."

"Have you made it all right?" whispered Tom in his ear.

"I'm the happiest fellow in Europe," said he, throwing his arm round the other's shoulder. "Come here, Tom, and let me tell you all — all."

CHAPTER LI.

HOW CHANGED.

WE are once more at the Priory — but how changed is it all! Billy Hare himself scarcely recognises the old spot, and, indeed, comes now but seldom to visit it; for the Chief has launched out into the gay world, and entertains largely at dinner, and even gives *déjeuners dansantes* — foreign innovations at which he was wont to inveigh with vehemence.

The old elm under whose shade Avonmore and the wits used to sit of an evening, beneath whose leafy canopy Curran had jested and Moore had sung, was cut down, and a large *marquée* of gaudy blue and white spread its vulgar wings over innumerable breakfast-tables, set forth with what the newspapers call every delicacy of the season.

The Horatian garden, and the Roman house — conceits of an old Lord Chancellor in former times, and once objects of almost veneration in Sir William's eyes — have been swept away, with all their attendant details of good or bad taste, and in their place a fountain has been erected, for whose aquatic displays, be it noted in parenthesis, two horses and as many men are kept in full employ. Of the wild old woodland walks — shady and cool, redolent of sweet-briar and honeysuckle — not a trace remains; driving-roads, wide enough for a pony-carriage, have been substituted for these, and ruthless gaps in the dense wood open long vistas to the eye, in a spot where once it was the sense of enclosure and seclusion that imparted the chief charm. For so is it, coming out of the din and bustle of a great city, there is no attraction which can vie with whatever breathes of tranquillity, and seems to impart peace by an air of unbroken quiet. It was for this very quality the Priory had gained its fame. Within doors the change was as great as without. New, and, be it admitted, more comfortable furniture had replaced the old ponderous objects which, in every form of ugliness had made the former decorations of the rooms. All was now light, tasteful, elegant. All invited to ease of intercourse, and suggested that pleasant union of social enjoyment with self-indulgence which our age seems to cultivate. But of all the changes and mutations which a short time had effected, none could compete with that in the old Chief himself. Through life he had been studiously attentive to neatness and care in his dress; it was with some-

thing of pride that he exhibited little traits of costume that revived bygone memories; and his long white hair, brushed rigidly back, and worn as a queue behind, and his lace ruffles, recalled a time when these were distinctive signs of class and condition.

His sharply-cut and handsome features were well served by the well-marked temples and lofty head that surmounted them, and which the drawn-back hair displayed to full advantage; and what a terrible contrast did the expression present when a light-brown wig covered his head, and a lock of childlike innocence graced his forehead! The large massive eyebrows, so impressive in their venerable whiteness, were now dyed of a dark hue; and to prevent the semblance of ghastliness which this strong colour might impart to the rest of the face, a faint tinge of rouge was given to the cheek, thus lending to the whole features an expression of mingled smirk and severity as little like the former look of dignified intelligence as might be.

A tightly-fitting frock-coat and a coloured cravat, fastened with a massive jewelled pin, completed a travestie which, strange to say, imparted its character to his gait, and made itself evident in his carriage.

His manner, too — that admirable courtesy of a bygone day, of which, when unprovoked by a personal encounter, he was a master — was now replaced by an assumed softness — an ill-put-on submission that seemed to require all his watchfulness never to forget.

If his friends deplored and his enemies exulted over this unbecoming change in one who, whatever his defects, had ever displayed the force and power of a commanding intellect, the secret was known to few. A violent and unseemly attack had been made in the "House" against him by some political partisan, who alleged that his advanced age and failing faculties urgently demanded his retirement from the Bench, and calling loudly on the Government to enforce a step which nothing but the tenacity and obstinacy of age would have refused to accept voluntarily and even gratefully.

In the discussion — it was not debate — that the subject gave rise to, the year of his birth was quoted, the time he had been first called, and the long period he had served on the Bench; and if his friends were strong in their evidences of his un-failing powers and unclouded faculties, his assailants adduced instances in which he had mistaken the suitors and mistated the

case. His temper, too, imperious even to insult, had, it was said, driven many barristers from his court, where few liked to plead except such as were his abject and devoted followers.

When the attack appeared in the morning papers, Beattie drove out in all haste to the Priory to entreat that the newspapers should be withheld from him, and all mention of the offensive subject be carefully avoided. The Doctor was shown into the room where the Sewells were at breakfast, and at once eagerly announced the reason for his early visit.

"You are too late, Doctor," said Sewell; "he had read every line of it before we came down stairs. He made me listen to it, too, before I could go to breakfast."

"And how did he bear it?"

"On the whole, I think well. He said they were incorrect about the year he was called, and also as to the time he entered Parliament. With regard to the man who made the attack, he said, 'It is my turn to be biographer now; let us see if the honourable member will call the victory his.'"

"He must do nothing of the kind. I will not answer for his life if he gives way to these bursts of temper."

"I declare I think I'd not interfere with him, drawled out Sewell, as he broke an egg. "I suspect it's better to let those high-pressure people blow off their steam."

"I'm sure Dr. Beattie is right," interposed Mrs. Sewell, who saw in the Doctor's face an unmistakable look of disgust at the Colonel's speech.

"I repeat, sir," said Beattie, gravely, "that it is a question of Sir William's life; he cannot survive another attack like his last one."

"It has always been a matter of wonder to me how he has lived so long. To go on existing, and be so sensitive to public opinion, is something quite beyond my comprehension."

"You would not mind such attacks, then?" said Beattie, with a very slight sneer."

"I should think not! A man must be a fool if he doesn't know there are scores of fellows who don't like him; and he must be an unlucky dog if there are not others who envy him for something or other, though it only be his horse or his dog, his waistcoat or his wife."

In the look of malevolence he threw across the table as he spoke this, might be read the concentrated hate of one who loved to insult his victim. The Doctor saw it, and rose to leave, disgusted and angry. "I

suppose Sir William knows I am here?" said he, coldly.

"I suspect not," said Sewell. "If you'll talk to my wife, or look over the 'Times,' I'll go and tell him."

The Chief Baron was seated at his writing-table when Sewell entered, and angrily cried out, "Who is there?"

"Sewell, my lord. May I come in?"

"Sir, you have taken that liberty in anticipation of the request. What do you want?"

"I came to say, my lord, that Dr. Beattie is here."

"Who sent for him, sir?"

"Not I, my lord, certainly."

"I repeat my question, sir, and expect a direct answer."

"I can only repeat my answer, my lord. He was not sent for by me or with my knowledge."

"So that I am to understand that his presence here is not the result of any active solicitude of my family for the consequences of this new outrage upon my feelings," and he clutched the newspaper as he spoke, and shook it with passion.

"I assure you, my lord, Beattie has come here of his own accord."

"But on account of this!" and the words came from him with a hissing sound that denoted intense anger. Sewell made a gesture to imply that it might be so, but that he himself knew nothing of it. "Tell him, then, sir, that the Chief Baron regrets he cannot see him; that he is at this moment engaged with the reply to a late attack in the House of Commons, which he desires to finish before post hour; and add, sir, that he is in the best of health and in excellent spirits—facts which will afford him increased enjoyment, if Dr. Beattie will only be kind enough to mention them widely in the course of his visits."

"I'm delighted, my lord, to be charged with such a message," said Sewell, with a well-assumed joy.

"I am glad, sir, to have pleased you, at the same time that I have gained your approbation."

There was a haughty tone in the way these words were delivered that for an instant made Sewell doubt whether they meant approval or reprimand, but he thought he saw a look of self-satisfied vanity in the old man's face, and he merely bowed his thanks for the speech.

"What do you think, sir, they have had the hardihood to say in the House of Commons?" cried the Chief, while his cheek grew crimson and his eye flashed fire.

"They say that, looking to the perilous condition of Ireland, with a wide-spread conspiracy through the land, and rebellion in most daring form bearding the authorities of the Crown, it is no time to see one of the chief seats of justice occupied by one whose achievements in crown prosecutions date from the state trials of '98! In which capacity, sir, am I assailed? — is it as patriarch or a patriot? Am I held up to obloquy because I came into the world at a certain year, or because I was one of the counsel for Wolfe Tone? From whom, too, come these slanderous assaults? do these puny slanderers not yet know that it is with men as with plants, and that though the dockweed is rotten within a few weeks, the oak takes centuries to reach maturity?"

"There were men in the Administration once, sir, in whom I had that confidence I could have placed my office in their hands with the full conviction it would have been worthily conferred — men above the passions of party, and who saw in public life other ambitions than the struggles for place. I see these men no longer. They who now compose the Cabinet inspire no trust; with them I will not treat."

Exhausted by this outburst of passion he lay back in his chair, breathing heavily, and to all seeming overcome.

"Shall I get you anything, my lord?" whispered Sewell.

The old man smiled faintly, and whispered, "Nothing."

"I wish, my lord," said Sewell, as he bent over his chair — "I wish I could dare to speak what is passing in my mind; and that I had that place in your lordship's esteem which might give my words any weight."

"Speak — say on," said he, faintly.

"What I would say is this, my lord," said Sewell, with increased force, "that these attacks on your lordship are in a great measure provoked by yourself."

"Provoked by me! and how, sir?" cried the Chief, angrily.

"In this wise, my lord. You have always held your libellers so cheap that you actually encourage their assaults. You, in the full vigour of your faculties, alive to the latest events, interested in all that science discovers or invention develops, persist in maintaining, both in your mode of living and your companionship, a continued reference to the past. With a wit that could keep pace with the brightest, and an imagination more alive than the youngest men can boast, you vote yourself old, and live with the old. Why, my lord, is it any wonder that they

try you on the indictment you have yourself drawn up? I have only to ask you to look across the Channel and see the men — your own contemporaries, your colleagues too — who escape these slanders, simply because they keep up with the modes and habits of the day. Their equipages, their retinues, their dress, are all such as fashion sanctions. Nothing in their appearance reminds the world that they lived with the grandfathers of those around them; and I say, my lord, if these men can do this, how much easier would it be for you to do it? You, whose quick intellect the youngest in vain try to cope with; you who are readier in repartee — younger, in fact, in all the freshness of originality and in all the play of fancy, than the smartest wits of the day.

"My lord, it has not been without a great effort of courage I have dared to speak thus boldly; but I have so often talked the subject over with my wife, and she with a woman's wit, has so thoroughly entered into the theme, that I felt, even at the hazard of your displeasure, I ought to risk the telling you." After a pause he added, "It was but yesterday my wife said, 'If papa — you know, my lord, it is so she calls you in secret — 'If papa will only cease to dress like a church dignitary, he will not look above fifty — fifty-four or five at most.'"

"I own," said the Judge, slowly, "it has often struck me as a strange how little animadversion the Press bestowed upon my English colleagues for their advanced years, and how persistently they commented on mine; and yet the history of Ireland does not point to the early decline of intellectual power. They are fond of showing the characteristics that separate us, but they have never adduced this one."

"I hope I have your lordship's forgiveness for my boldness," said Sewell, with humility.

"You have more, sir; you have my gratitude for an affectionate solicitude. I will think over what you have said when I am alone."

"It will make me a very proud man if I find that my words have had weight with you. I am to tell Beattie, my lord, that you are engaged and cannot see him?" said he moving towards the door.

"Yes. Say that I am occupied with my reply to this slander. Tell him if he likes to dine with me at six —"

"I beg pardon, my lord — but my wife hoped you would dine with us to-day. We have a few young soldiers, and two or three pretty women coming to us —"

"Make my compliments to Mrs. Sewell,

and say "I am charmed to accept her invitation."

Sewell took his leave with every token of respectful gratitude. But no sooner had he reached the stairs than he burst into a fit of laughter. "Would any one have believed that the old fool would have swallowed the bait? I was so terrified at my

own tamerity, I'd have given the world to be out of the scrape! I declare, if my mother could be got rid of, we'd have him leading something of sixteen to the altar. Well, if this acute attack of youth doesn't finish him, he must have the constitution of an elephant."

A most gratifying and pleasing banquet took place on Tuesday evening at Willis's Rooms. Around the Chairman, Sir JOHN PAKINGTON, were the chief celebrities in literature, art, and science, and many distinguished foreigners on a visit to Great Britain. There were present the Mexican and Danish Ministers, General BEAUREGARD, the heroic defender of Charleston, Commodore JANSEN, Professors WHITWORTH, FAIRBAIRN, BABBAGE, &c., to meet the guest of the evening, Captain MATTHEW F. MAURY, late United States Navy, and Superintendent of the National Observatory, New York — the eminent discoverer of the physical geography of the sea, as HUMBOLDT very truly styled him. The object of the gathering was to present the gallant seaman with an appropriate testimonial, as a slight recognition of his valuable services to the human race. The chairman, in the course of a highly-felicitous speech, dwelt on their guest's distinguished career, and the incalculable impetus which he had given to the cultivation of science by the devotion of his intellect to the study of marine currents and meteorological observations. And by his perseverance and untiring energy his system of marine charts has affected a wonderful and beneficent change in ocean navigation. With that view he urged the holding of the meeting of the Nautical Conference at Brussels in 1853, which was attended by representatives from every country in Europe; and among its results was the formation of our own meteorological department of the Board of Trade, so long pre-

sided over by the late Admiral FITZROY, and the adoption of Captain MAURY's discoveries and methods by every maritime nation. One fact alone shows how great a benefactor he has proved to the mercantile world, viz. — that on a 1000-ton ship 250*l.* is saved on the voyage to India or China, and 1200*l.* on a voyage to Australia or California. Russia, Prussia, Austria, France, Denmark, Norway and Sweden, Holland, Portugal, and Sardinia had acknowledged his eminent services, and conferred knighthood upon him and struck medals in his honour. When the American struggle began, Captain MAURY, from motives of duty to his native State, Tennessee, resigned his post in the New York Observatory; and on that occasion received letters of invitation offering him a residence, with independence and every facility to carry on scientific pursuits, both in France and Russia. The testimonial which was presented consisted of a purse with above 3000 guineas, to which Holland sent 1000*l.* and the Grand Duke CONSTANTINE a similar sum in the name of the Russian navy. Capt. MAURY in accepting this token of esteem and admiration made a very feeling speech and seemed deeply affected. This meeting may be considered to bear an international character, and it shows that a gallant, unwearied, and sagacious man, who has conferred lasting and untold benefits on his fellow-men in their voyages over the broad ocean, to whatever race or nation he may belong, will reap honour and distinction from the rest of mankind. — *The Press (Tory)*, June 9.

From The Spectator, 9th June.

THE WAR.

THE notion of redistributing Europe by a conversation among Foreign Secretaries—a notion about as practical as that of putting out a fire by a discussion among *savans*—has at length been officially abandoned. The Austrian Government, in a dispatch remarkable at once for its pride and its outspokenness, has definitively declined all propositions for an exchange of territory. Austria will not accept a slice of Turkey. She would rather not accept Silesia. She will in fact permit no redistribution whatever, until she has by great successes in the field placed herself in a position to accept and offer concessions without dishonour. Then indeed, says Count Mensdorff, she may consider whether a new province might not be compensation sufficient for an old one, but till then neither the nation nor the army will permit the Kaiser to cede provinces which are his by treaty right. The haughty cynicism of the great old House which has faced and survived so many storms appears in every line of the refusal, and extorts even from those who, like ourselves, hold that no family ever sinned like the Hapsburgs, a reluctant admiration. There is not a word of cant in the whole dispatch, not a single complaint of the treatment to which Austria has been subjected, not a sign that the writer quails before the imminence of the danger. Hapsburgs leave querulousness to weaker men *expect* aggression from the strong, and calmly “claim the right to defend their own so long as they have the power.” Attacked by Prussia, momentarily expecting invasion from Italy, menaced by France with “all the responsibilities” of war, with a million of armed enemies on three sides of his empire, with half his dominion discontented, his treasury empty, and a famine officially acknowledged to be impending, without an armed ally, and conscious of the undying hatred of the Revolution, the Kaiser turns to the world a calmly defiant front. He has “the right” to guard his own, and he will maintain his right. We wish him utter defeat for the sake alike of Italy and the world, but no such wish shall prevent us from acknowledging that he is worthy of the great name he bears and the lofty position he holds among mankind, that if his Empire perishes in his hands, at least it will not have been dishonoured. He is faithful according to his lights even unto slaying or being slain, and

deserves from his enemies the respect which Englishmen were never till now slow to pay to the haughty daring which accepts any odds rather than any bribe. It is thus, and thus only, that empires are maintained, and the attempt to pronounce such masculine courage mere hot-headedness, to throw on Austria all blame because she disdains to postpone the inevitable by useless chatter, to declare her wicked because her nerve interferes with English profits, is base to the last degree. Italy has the right to regain the control of her children if she can; Austria has the right to defend property assigned to her by a competent tribunal if she can; and in the presence of rights at once so equal and so irreconcilable, the appeal to force is not a course which ought on either side to alienate utterly English sympathy. The disturber of order, if there be one, if all alike are not controlled by the irresistible logic of events, is Prussia, and the moral guilt of Prussia is not yet ascertainable. If she is rushing to war to win a Duchy for her King, it is immense, but if, as we partly believe, her Court risks war in order to make of North Germany a nation, to realize the just aspirations of thirty millions of men, and add a new and great nationality to the world, we cannot say that such an end does not justify the slaughter which may precede it. To hear some men talk one would think that but for bullets man were immortal, that freedom, and honour, and largeness of national life were objects too contemptible to be worth the smallest risk, that a people like the Venetian was bound to accept slavery, an empire like the Austrian to dismember itself, rather than interrupt the accumulation of wealth. “So believe not we. The problems before the nations engaged are, as we have pointed out incessantly for three months, of that kind which force alone can solve, the ultimate ends are adequate to the probable ruin; and heartily desiring the success of one side, we will leave it to the organs of the Stock Exchange and the pulpit to apportion the moral guilt which ought to attach to each. Of this at least we are certain, that it is morally right to refuse to lie, and that the Conference would have been, and was intended to be, an assembly solemnly convened for the greater convenience of lying.

As we write it is probable that the armies have commenced their march. With the failure of the proposal for Conference inaction has become oppressive, and Austria has given the formal opportunity statesmen always desire. In defiance of Prussia,

which claims to hold the Elbe Duchies by cession from their legitimate ruler, Christian of Denmark, she has surrendered her co-dominion to the Federation, and summoned the Estates of Holstein to decide on their own fate. This step, just according to the principles recognized by all Liberals, amounts in fact to a termination of Prussia's right to rule, and has been answered, as might be expected, by the entry of Prussian troops. The Austrians have retired upon Altona, and their Emperor will, it is almost certain, announce that his expulsion was violent, and must be avenged by arms. The war has commenced, and next week can hardly pass without the first serious action, the commencement either of an invasion of Silesia or of a march upon Berlin. The first shot is Italy's signal, and before ten days are over all Central Europe will be in flames, fifteen hundred thousand men eagerly watching opportunities of slaying one another. The duration of the struggle probably depends upon the result of the first great battles. If Austria is beaten she may make peace, for one lost battle would release all the smouldering embers of discontent, but if she wins in the North she may arouse the latent patriotism of North Germany, and in the South may provoke the French army into another descent. Her victory would be the triumph of reaction, and reaction and the Bonapartes cannot triumph together. In any case the war can scarcely last like the wars of the last generation. The armies collected are too vast, the means of locomotion too perfect, the cost of campaigning too excessive, for a repetition of the tedious struggles which distinguished the commencement of the century. The American war lasted four years, but a nation was in that war its own leader, was fighting for existence, and had for base the untouched resources and the unwearied strength of a people ruling through half a fertile continent. Mature men, not youths, are fighting now, and though they will strike as hard, they will not fight so long. As to the winners, we question if there is a statesman in Europe who has formed a distinct opinion. The Austrian army is the largest, the oldest, and the best provided with cavalry, but Austria has never won, her soldiers are armed only with the rifle, and she has but an indifferent artillery. The Italian army is new, but it has enthusiasm, guns, and Cialdini; while the Prussians, with inferior cavalry, and an organization too inflexible for the field, have a rifle which will fire three times to the Austrian once, and that

Teutonic stubbornness which, like iron, only hardens under blows. The victory should be with moral force, but if the Austrians pursue the policy, visible in every line of the Kaiser's last despatch, of finding in Prussia itself the compensation for Venice, the moral force becomes nearly equal, and the burden will ultimately fall upon the petty States whose Governments are now protesting so eagerly that the eagles shall fight it out, while hawk and crow and jay look on in inactive but tremulous admiration. The Austrian idea, it is evident, is to thrash Italy and surrender Venice, to thrash Prussia and keep such a slice of her possessions as shall, when North Germany is united, leave South Germany still an equal German Power, and it is by no means impossible that this idea may be realized. War, however, is an uncertain game, and a war in Europe, with France armed, but undecided, Russia ready but quiescent, and England holding steadily aloof, is a game of which no wisdom limited by mortality can foresee the end. This country is well out of it, but if that Bill for reducing the debt is postponed, and 5,000 men come home from India, and the home garrison is brought up to its strength, and a word of warning goes round the dockyards, the nation will not be displeased to pay for those precautions.

From The Spectator.

MADAME DE MONTAGU.*

"THIS volume is simply a collection of family records not (originally) intended for the public eye. The children of Madame de Montagu, long spectators of their mother's excellences, naturally desired to perpetuate the memory of her beautiful and saintly character, and to hold her up as a pattern to their own descendants." "As to the facts and details of the life, they are nearly all drawn from Madame de Montagu herself, by means of two different sources to which access has been given. Early in life she kept a journal, not so much in order to serve any historical or secular purpose, as to facilitate self-knowledge (and, we may add, self-improvement), every day recording her own thoughts and feelings. Then

* *Anne-Paule-Dominique de Noailles, Marquise de Montagu. 5me Edition. Le vend au profit des pauvres. Douai: Paris.*

there are letters, her intimate correspondence with her sisters and friends."

It seems fair to give the few sentences above; because, being extracted from the preface, of course submitted, as well as the work in every stage, to the family inspection, it must be supposed to tell the truth. The materials of the volume were intrusted, by the desire of the Duc de Noailles, to a compiler, and the result is a book which, after being long kept in strict privacy, has at length been allowed general circulation, and has within a few months reached a fifth edition. The record is certainly one of the most interesting it has ever been our lot to examine, and yet we cannot but say that we wish the family had themselves been the editors, and that a larger portion had been given in the very words of Madame de Montagu and her sisters. It is true there are valuable extracts from Madame de la Fayette, from Madame de Grammont's, and private papers preserved in the family, but these excite our wish for more; there is too much of the editorial putting together, and a want of that personal unity and coherence which is more valuable than any second-hand working up of details however masterly.

And yet we have not the slightest doubt about the correctness of the pictures brought before us, any more than of their beauty. They accord with all we know of the effects of the French Revolution upon the Legitimists of the best and purest type. They bring those who practised the difficult virtues entailed on them into comparison with the highest characters which history, ancient or modern, has ever dealt with. You have all the self-denial, the grace, the submission of Madame Elizabeth, set a step lower, and also her indomitable courage and cheerfulness, mingled with her tenacity; but the social difficulties of the position of the Noailles sisters were in some respects greater than even that royal person's, on account of their connection by marriage with men who considerably differed from each other both in religion and politics; and they had to endure exile, imprisonment, poverty, and the scaffold, while their hearts were wrung by the conflict between duties to their husbands and children and what they conceived was required by fidelity to their religion.

The volume is by no means merely a record of conflicts, however. It has many very curious private details. You have the life of the virtuous and noble mother, the Duchesse d'Ayen, bringing up her daughters as she thought most for the benefit of their

souls, mingling the interests of charity with the claims of kindred and society, choosing, for example, sponsors for the future Madame de Montagu from among the mendicants of the parish of St. Roch, "and, says Madame de la Fayette," only ambitious of being able to say to the Judge at the last day, "Of those Thou gavest me I have lost none." Of course there were evils attached to their life of seclusion and ignorance of the world. They were so trained in fact by example and precept to live according to a high standard, that (again we quote Madame de la Fayette) "the first examples we met with of a different standard among those usually called good people, occasioned us an astonishment which years passed in the world hardly weakened." They used to visit their grandfathers and grandmothers — maternal and paternal — uncles, aunts, and cousins, and they had a governess, who is spoken of with a comical attempt at respect, though nothing could hinder their laughing at her regular downfalls from a donkey every time she went on a country expedition with the children.

But these five young ladies grew up, and of course suitable husbands must be provided for them. First, came the Vicomte de Noailles, the son of the Maréchal de Mouchy, and of his wife, who was the famous Madame Etiquette. On him was bestowed the eldest daughter; then M. de la Fayette married Adrienne, the second daughter. Then a third married the Vicomte du Roure; but this was a short-lived connection, as the Vicomte died four or five years afterwards, and she married again, the Vicomte de Thesan. Next we come to Anne-Paule-Dominique, our own heroine, generally called Pauline, and for her was provided, at the age of fifteen, the young Marquis de Montagu. Lastly, a year later, the Marquis de Grammont appears as a suitor to the youngest sister, Rosalie. Now, among these noble maidens, early married, and all, as it appears, to men of probity as well as of aristocratic connection, there would of course occur some diversities of position according to the views their husbands took of public affairs. The two eldest, for instance, saw themselves left alone for a time, while the Vicomte de Noailles and M. de la Fayette were fighting the battles of the United States, and when they returned it was with a strong infusion of republicanism, which, however conscientiously restrained, out of a conviction that such ideas were unsuitable to France, there can be no doubt laid the

foundation of a distrust on the part of the Royal family which La Fayette at least never could conquer. His wife, however, admired as well as, to a great extent, trusted him. Yet there must have been much exercise of mutual forbearance, and she never seems to have been *satisfied* either with his political or his religious views. The inconsistency of the old Catholic fathers and mothers, who, while rigid to the last degree in bringing up their daughters, yet married them seemingly without scruple to the freest thinkers of the day, is a curious subject. The *salut* of such men must have been a constant source of anxiety. As to Madame de Montagu, one does not hear of anything very inharmonious in her married life. Her husband was a man of quiet sense, and though devoted to his wife, would not be guided by her in joining the emigrants at Cologne, nor would he be led by the vituperations of M. Beaune, his father, whose hatred of the Revolutionary party carried him so far as to make him declare that he would not enter a house where La Fayette was. Perhaps the very violence of this father-in-law, joined to her unalterable attachment to her sister, Madame de la Fayette, had the contrary effect to that he desired. Madame de Montagu was led to see the extreme difficulties of their relative positions, and she seems to have taken up during the whole of her after life the practical task of making the lives of those around her as little miserable as the times would allow of. You see neither in her nor her sisters any of the penetrating brilliancy of the Comtesses d'Egmont, De la Marck, or De Boufflers, but instead of it a sweetness, a self-devotion, a readiness to contrive for the comfort and even amusement of others, which enabled them to put aside their own desires after retirement and contemplation when they felt themselves needed by others. Instances of this self-subduing turn are frequent. In her own family Madame de Montagu suffered much. One child after another died, and she had been in the deepest distress. Yet, like our own Lady Rachel Russell, she would put aside personal grief when others needed sympathy of a livelier sort. Thus, on one occasion, her sick child having died in the night, Madame de Montagu retired to her own room in an agony of grief. Soon after she was roused by a message from her sister, Madame de Grammont, who had that same night given birth to her first child. Madame de Montagu knew that her sister would be startled and surprised at her non-attendance. She rose, put away the traces of tears, and went

to the young, happy mother's bedside. She saw the infant in its cradle, kissed her sister, and spoke cheerfully to her. She hoped to find strength to return unsuspected, but it would not do. She fainted in the adjoining room, and this proved the prelude to a severe illness.

We do not propose following her through what was for many years a life of exceeding great trial. It should be read and judged of from the record. During part of the Revolutionary contests she was in England, among the emigrants at Richmond. Little trained in domestic management, it was hard enough to economize for a large number of persons, and yet she always managed to help the poorest of her compatriots; but as time went on resources were exhausted, and then it was that the clever, generous aunt, the Comtesse de Tessé, who had escaped from France, and was rich, came to the rescue. She had a considerable landed estate at Lowenberg, in Switzerland, and pressed her niece to come to her, sending the money for the journey. The character and proceedings of this lady are extremely amusing, original, and curious. She is called by Madame de Stael the wittiest woman she had ever known. She was a great politician, a philosopher, an immense talker, antagonistic at almost every point to her nieces, yet anxious to help them in their own way, and generous to the last degree. Voltaire had been her master, La Fayette was her hero. Singularly unfortunate in person, her face marked with small-pox, afflicted by tic, which occasioned all sorts of grimaces when she spoke, yet her high breeding, her dignified and strong, and noble ideas, made her first in all companies. She would sometimes talk as an unbeliever, yet had her superstitions; as to her charities, they were bounded by no party considerations. She maintained in great secrecy three poor exiled priests. She afterwards openly added a chaplain to her establishment, not that she wanted him herself, she said, but for her niece's sake. Further than this, she endured in silence, carefully concealing them from Madame de Montagu, some serious difficulties and dangers from the persecution of the Government of Frimbourg, which threatened to expel her from her estate if she did not send away the poor French emigrants. Madame de Tessé fought, and remonstrated, and prayed long against this tyranny, but fearing at length that she would be robbed of all her means of living if she persisted, she was obliged to ask her niece to remove for a time, till another home could be provided for her.

This was found after considerable difficulty and several removals. It was a large, uninteresting dairy-farm, near the Lake of Ploem, in Holstein. The recommendations were, that the means of feeding a large family colony could be found on the spot; there were one hundred and twenty cows, much poultry, and arable land for corn, while both fish and game were easily procurable. Madame de Tessé certainly consulted the necessities of her people, and managed affairs admirably, and this was her best compensation for the want of sprightly society and conversation. Tender always to her niece's conscientious feelings, she provided the means of her religious needs. In return Madame de Montagu worked like a servant, beyond her strength even, and her sweetness, affection, and unconquerable meekness turned off the smartness of her aunt's occasional sallies from her; while Madame de Tessé was as anxious as herself about the welfare of those absent sisters of whom they could with difficulty obtain any intelligence, and laboured to the utmost to assist her niece in charitable help for the emigrants. We have not space to pursue the personal narrative farther. Every one knows that in the space of a few days, the guillotine made an end of five members of this noble family, — of the Maréchal de Monchy and his wife, then of the virtuous Duchesse d'Ayen, the cherished mother of the old Marquise de Noailles, almost in second childhood, and of Madame de Montagu's sister, the charming Vicomtesse de Noailles.

Minute and deeply interesting details are given of these events. It is pleasant to know that the later years of Madame de Montagu were passed in peace and happiness. She died, aged seventy-three, in 1839, surrounded by children and grandchildren. Her younger sister, Madame de Grammont, lived till 1853.

We must make room for a few words respecting that sister who perhaps of them all excites our strongest admiration, we mean Madame de La Fayette. In the beginning of the Revolution she had certainly partaken of her husband's political ideas, not quite believing in them, but yet out of her own generous and expansive nature cherishing the proud hope that he would be one of the renovators of French institutions, ready to go through evil and good report with him, always honouring and looking up to him as perfection in all his domestic relations. Slowly the dream of progress for France faded away. She lost all faith in the consistency of the people. At length

the personal blow fell; La Fayette was denounced. He could do no more for France, and was about to escape from the army to England, and from thence to go to America, when he was taken prisoner by the Austrians. His wife heard of his arrest; instantly and eloquently she wrote to Washington. Her letters have been preserved, and are now before us, very recently printed by the Philobiblon Society. Not being able to entrust them to any one in France, she had given them for transcription and also for transmission, says the printed preface, to Mr. John Dyson, a young Englishman, who had resided for some time in the family of M. de la Fayette, for the purpose of making him acquainted with the improved system of Norfolk husbandry. The copies printed "are in the handwriting of Mr. Dyson, to whose family they belong." Madame de la Fayette evidently wanted Washington to claim her husband as an American citizen.

"Doubtless," she writes, "you have heard of our misfortunes. You know that your disciple, your friend, has never ceased to be worthy of you and of liberty." Then she tells him of the arrest and captivity, and implores his assistance both for her husband and his companions in adversity. Washington is silent. What could he do? Before her letter reached him, she herself was in the hands of the Terrorist party, and the least suspicion of what she had done might have cost her her life. Yet she wrote again, and through the same channel. It seems to us very moving. She told him of her former letter; that was in October, 1792. What she was then writing was in April, 1793.

"Did that letter ever reach you?" she asks; "could it be needed in order to excite your interest? I cannot believe it; and yet your silence, Sir, the total absence of all communication with you for six months, is perhaps of all our trials that which I can least explain or understand. I trust it will not last for ever," &c. "For him," she adds, after speaking of her children, "I can do nothing; I can neither receive nor send him a single line, let me try as I please. Certainly I will take no step that is unworthy of him, nor of the cause to which he has been so faithful."

After writing these letters she had in fact to undergo two long imprisonments, and was not set at liberty till February, 1795. She then sent over her son George to Washington. We have no means of ascertaining what the effect of her letters had been, but we learn from Mr. Bancroft's

history that the President of the United States, though surrounding George de la Fayette with friends and protectors, did not think it prudent to receive him in his public capacity, involved as were his relations with different parties in France. Madame de la Fayette meanwhile hastened to Vienna, not for the purpose of gaining her husband's release (for this she knew was impossible), but only for permission to take her daughters and share his prison at Olmutz. In that aim she succeeded, and at Olmutz, as is well known, she remained, though in wretched health, and subjected to every privation, till the 10th of October, 1797, when the prison doors were opened, and the husband, wife, and children were at last free.

"That incomparable woman," writes M. de la Fayette, after her decease, "to whom I owe the unclouded blessing of thirty-four years of a union dignified by her goodness, her elevation, and generosity." "Her devotion," he also wrote, in another letter, not inserted in this volume, "was very peculiar; never in all those thirty-four years did it cause me annoyance. All her observances were regulated with a consideration for my convenience, and the hope she always expressed was that with the integrity she gave me credit for I should yet be convinced. Her last recommendations were in this tone. She begged me for her sake to read certain books, which I shall undoubtedly examine once more with greater earnestness; and she called her religion the '*most perfect liberty*,' in order to make me love it."

This excellent woman, whose health had never been good since her stay at Olmutz, died on Christmas Day, 1808. Both her daughters and her son were then married and were near her.

One closes this beautiful book, as we have before said, full of reverence for the characters with which it makes us familiar, and we think it is pre-eminent in its lessons and examples of charity. Whether it be that the Catholic habit of prayer for the dead softens everything else, and gives a religious character to all connections, with the visible as well as the invisible, we know not, but certainly it does appear to us that hope ever accompanying their dead into regions beyond the grave,—hope, we say, and the sense of communion, narrows the dividing sea, and unites all in one bond of affection. Perhaps, too, though the Catholic purgatory may be very awful, it is stimulating; there is not continually in view the black, unredeemed horror of the everlasting doom.

BOMBARDMENT OF CALLAO AND VALPARAISO.

(*Pall Mall Gazette*, June 2.)

THE Spanish Government has at length reason to regret that its instructions to Admiral Nunez were such as to prevent him from falling in with the remonstrances of Admiral Denman. We have received almost simultaneously the British commander's own account of his unsuccessful interposition at Valparaiso, and the intelligence of the defeat of the Spanish commander a month later before Callao. The misadventure of an attack made in an unjust war is a felicitous retribution. If such a result would always present itself to mete out justice between the oppressed and the attacking Power, there would no longer be any need to discuss the doctrine of international intervention. The application in practice of this doctrine is very much what a decision of a court of law in a particular case is upon an Act of Parliament. Rules are easily laid down, but they are rarely, if ever, comprehensive enough to embrace the varieties of actual events. Subject to general instructions, therefore, very much must turn on the judgment of a naval or military commander, just as judges have to regard every case that comes before them from its own special point of view. Admiral Denman went into the Pacific with certain general instructions, founded on a general principle of non-intervention; but as neither the one nor the other was quite absolute, or rigorously precise, he was still, to a great extent, left to the exercise of his tact and discretion. His despatch of the 31st of March appears to vindicate the course which he took, in a very difficult position, from the swagger and hostile criticisms of the United States commodore. Dealing with his instructions as he had them, he was compelled at once to guard against a course which should set his own and the Spanish Government at loggerheads, to reconcile his neutrality with the claims of humanity, and to determine at what precise point a protection of British interests would justify his intervention. The difficulty of his position was aggravated by the obvious desire of the American commander to fasten a quarrel upon Spain, and to sink the Spanish ships, under the support, moral and actual of the English flag. He must have felt that the bombardment of Valparaiso practically turned upon his own decision, and that the American officers and the British merchants were equally ready

to throw on his neutrality much of the responsibility of the event. Admiral Denman, however, consistently restricted himself to a friendly mediation with the Spanish authorities, and there is no doubt that the concessions he obtained from them served to protect human life and to lessen the injury to British interests. He stipulated for the delay that enabled a great part of the non-combatants to withdraw, he removed several ships out of harm's way, and offered an asylum for British subjects on board his squadron. No doubt these precautions failed to prevent a great deal of suffering, privation, and loss, such as a junction with the American commodore might have prevented. But England cannot send her ships of war over the world with a humanity-flag to proclaim interference whenever life or property is in danger. It would be a false principle to adopt this course where weak States are the aggressors, and then to pocket our humanitarianism where the aggressor is a great Power. If we were to interfere between Spain and Chili, we might in a similar case be called upon to interfere between France and Cochinchina. If we were ready to provoke the anger of Spain, we ought also to be willing to incur the resentment of France. Do not let unfriendly critics abroad invert the Roman maxim at our expense, and say of us "Parcere superbis et debellare subjectos." The law of non-intervention, as far as its character admits of its being precise, must be uniform. It is not always easy to define what this law shall be; but there can be no difficulty in laying down one condition which it shall not assume; and that is to interfere where we dare, and to slink away when we are afraid.

Nothing can extenuate the wantonness and cruelty of this attack by Spain upon the Chilians, and Admiral Denman shows himself ready enough to condemn it. But the moderating influence of Powers more humane and more civilized than Spain must be brought to bear in other ways than by squadrons thwarting the actions of one another in distant seas. It is very doubtful whether a principle of intervention would, in the long run, do so much for humanity and political morality as a principle of abstinence. By respecting the rights of one another, even when stretched in their application far beyond the limits of justice, we shall do much towards teaching each other to respect the rights of third parties. On the other hand, to intervene whenever we sympathize would be practically equivalent to placing ourselves in a condi-

tion of normal warfare with all oppressors. No doubt there are extreme cases of barbarity in which intervention may be justified without warning, as between Government and Government. Bombardment, however, is as much one of the rights as it is certainly one of the horrors of war; and where human life and private property receive a promise of respect, we can hardly perceive the legality of intervention by a neutral commander, let his general instructions be what they may. The neutral Government may, of course, assume the position of mediator, with the threat of assuming that of belligerent; but that is obviously an altogether different case from the spontaneous intervention of a commissioned officer of a neutral at the seat of war.

(*Morning Star*, June 4.)

To do Admiral Nunez justice, he appears to have been ashamed of the enterprise in which he was compelled, by the peremptory nature of his instructions from Madrid, to embark. The tone of the despatch which he wrote after the bombardment of Valparaiso indicated that he, like his predecessor who committed suicide, suffered from qualms of conscience. We do not say that either his judgment or his courage would be affected by such feelings; but, as a rule, the man who lives by his sword must either be a machine, without a conscience or a will of his own, or he must fight for a cause in which he believes, and which lends to him the impulse of a chivalrous valour. It was the misfortune of Admiral Nunez to occupy neither of these positions; and it was the happy fate of the Peruvians to be acting strictly in self-defence, to be fighting for home and country. It was on the 25th of April that the Spanish fleet, consisting of eleven vessels of war, mounting 275 guns, made its appearance at Callao—a formidable armament to anchor off the coasts of a little State which can scarcely be said to possess a navy at all, and whose sole reliance was in a few stone batteries and earthworks. Of these war ships one was an iron-clad, carrying forty guns, and five were frigates of large size, and with a heavy weight of metal. The four days' notice which the Spanish admiral was compelled to give to his enemy was made good use of by all parties. Warned by the fate of Valparaiso, the foreign merchants and private citizens lost no time in removing their property to Lima, distant four miles from Callao, and to that extent removed from all possibility of close attack; and we

may be sure that the four days were also well employed by General Pradoin strengthening the defences and stimulating the enthusiasm of his men. Acting upon Vauban's wise principle of exposing to cannon-balls no masonry which it is possible to cushion with earth, the Peruvian commander was actively employed in throwing up earth-works to cover his batteries. The trial of strength was delayed by a fog from the 1st to the 2d of May, and on the latter day the patriots commenced their fire on the Spanish squadron with deadly effect. The combat lasted for several hours. The boasted iron-clad the *Villa de Madrid* was seriously damaged early in the fray; and it, together with a frigate of thirty-six guns, was compelled to sheer off to San Lorenzo. In due time these vessels were followed by the rest of the fleet, all, with one exception, well pounded by the Peruvian guns. Admiral Nunez, who received eight wounds and contusions, is not soon likely to forget the battle of Callao.

(*Sunday Gazette*.)

THE conduct of Spain on the Pacific coast has been so monstrous that we heartily rejoice in the defeat her ships have met with at Callao. The world is so out of joint that it has become possible for Spain or any other Power, apparently, to enter on a course of buccaneering, which recalls the period when there was no peace across the line. Surely, in the interests of commerce and common justice, some means might be devised to stop practices which are a scandal to the age. One day there is a seizure of guano islands, then the levy of black mail from Peru, anon the bombardment of a port without a pop-gun to fire in its defence, and now — what we admit was a legitimate operation of war — the attack on Callao. But there is no justification for any of it. The thing is a scandal, and ought to be put down.

From the *Saturday Review*, May 26.

THE FENIANS.

THE arrival of the escaped Head Centre in the United States has given a fillip to a cause which had begun to languish from inanition. It is only consonant with the usual shrewdness of Irish tactics to convert

a signal failure into an augury of prospective success. STEPHENS begins his new administrative career by upbraiding his followers for planning raids into Canada when they ought to have kept their eyes fixed on the invasion of Ireland. The preference of the remote and the difficult to the comparatively near and easy campaign is not on all occasions a burlesque of courageous adventure. But, to be worth more than common "tall talk" in warming the spirits of a party or winning the respect of lookers-on, it must be in keeping with a uniform line of conduct. Now, up to this moment there has been only very little done which could stimulate the spirit of the Fenians, or rouse the sympathies of Americans, beyond, perhaps, a temporary "scare" given to the Canadians. After all, the recent fiasco of the projected Fenian invasion will probably have excited as little surprise, perhaps as little congratulation, in Canada as it has in England. The same reasons will explain the equanimity both of the Canadians and of ourselves. They may not, after the first menace, have entertained a high notion of the magnitude of the preparations or of the vigour of the invaders, and they may have looked on failure as the inevitable upshot of a wanton and ill-devised aggression. There is one point, however, on which both their minds and ours have experienced a considerable, if not a complete, relief. It was at one time feared that the Fenian filibusters might receive from the Government of the United States an encouragement, more or less direct, according to the likelihood of their success and their ability to damage us. But the failure of the mock squadron at Eastport, and the unmistakable action of General MEADE on the Colonial frontier, followed by the loud and angry squabbles of the baffled conspirators, have demonstrated that not even the opportunity of striking a severe side-blow at England will induce the Government of the United States to diverge from the ordinary good faith of international intercourse.

We do not, of course, mean that, so long as the two countries professed to remain on terms of peace, a Fenian armament could have openly invaded British territory with the avowed aid of the American Government. But, although overt co-operation would have been irreconcilable, even with the laxest interpretation of international law, it was not beyond the bounds either of speculation or of precedent that connivance might be given to an enterprise which it was out of the question to support openly. The events at Eastport, however, have falsi-

fied a suspicion which was quite as unjust to the common sense as to the good faith of the Americans. We ought not perhaps to accept their active interference to check a criminal aggression so much as a proof of good will to us as of contempt for our vagrant enemies. Indeed, active goodwill is scarcely to be expected from the Government of the United States for some time to come, because it is very far from being the strongest feeling just now entertained by the mass of the American people towards us. Both of them, people and Government, too honestly believe themselves to have been seriously injured by us to be very demonstrative in their good offices. To this day they have never succeeded in explaining to themselves how our neutrality towards North and South could be anything but hostility to the North, or how the Government of any country could be actually neutral while its educated classes and its more popular newspapers were friendly to one of the belligerents. In America, the sympathies of general society and the dominant one of the popular press would, in corresponding circumstances, have induced the Government and Congress to side with that section which had won their sympathies. The sympathy of an important division of the English people was unmistakable enough; but that it had not the slightest influence on the action of the English Government is too inconsiderable a fact to have any weight on the impulsive opinions of American citizens. It may therefore be accepted as a proof of political moderation that they have not coerced the PRESIDENT's Government into a collusive support of Fenian purposes. One almost certain gain would have resulted from such a policy; the PRESIDENT would have secured for some length of time the undivided advantage of the Irish vote. But even gold may be bought too dearly, and the glitter of Irish partisanship certainly is not gold, and that of Irish enterprise still less so. Whatever credit may be due to the astuteness which from the hard-earned dollars of the waiters and chambermaids of Boston and New York coaxes subscriptions to the debentures of the unborn Irish Republic, the corresponding credulity which submits to it is sufficient to warn American caution against too hasty a fusion with Irish projects and parties. It is not indeed, a demerit to inspire that profound confidence which vents itself in offerings of wages and perquisites; but to have received these, and done nothing for them, is but a blank encouragement to the sympathies of a foreign Power.

We say "to have done nothing for

them;" but the Fenians have done worse than nothing. Had they but got one half-rotten gun-boat across the Atlantic, or fairly shown one infantry regiment, accoutred and equipped, marching through Kerry or Cork, this would certainly have been something of an inducement to an unfriendly Government to give them support and encouragement. But so far from achieving even this, their whole career has been a burlesque of sedition and hostility. In Ireland they have been hunted up and hunted down by the police, their letters read, their secrets revealed, their leaders put in prison. The only two exceptions in their favour have been the escape of STEPHENS from capture, and the assassination of two or three policemen and informers. But, though it is doubtless a clever thing to break prison, and though STEPHENS's plans were ingeniously laid, that feat of itself could hardly be a sufficient recommendation to the notice of the United States or any other Government. Nor is the assassination of loyal policemen, however congenial it may be to the temperament of New York rowdism, exactly the most valuable introduction to the alliance of the PRESIDENT and his Ministers. Other achievements they have none. Their whole career in Ireland has only proved — what everybody knew before — how ill Irishmen succeed in their own country. Their whole career in America has disproved a belief equally popular that they always succeed out of their own country. They have succeeded in their efforts to cajole waiting men and waiting women of their own race at boarding-houses and hotels; but beyond this, they have done nothing but quarrel with one another over the money extracted from their dupes, denounce one another as traitors, and threaten war against their respective chiefs with a greater vigour than they have show in carrying war into Canada. Nor has the impudent mendacity which at first succeeded in filling their treasury continued to fructify. The bonds of the Irish Republic are at an enormous discount. No other symptom than this was required to alienate sensible people from a scheme the only recommendation of which consisted in a combination of lucre and mischief. So long as the money flowed in there might be hopes of something being done which might cause great losses in Canada and some irritation in England; but American sympathy is far too wary to embark in a cause the leaders and partisans of which cannot keep the pot boiling, and have not even the common craft of retaining money which they have once made, even when

they can make no more. Unless, therefore, the Republican party should have some new grievance against England, which will impel them to inflict a wound in any part and at any cost, it is extremely unlikely that they will allow the covert support of their Government to be pledged on the security of the Irish vote. Few more discreditable things could be imagined even by the most hardened politician than to march in the rear of a regiment of Irish filibusters. And there is no certainty that the consideration for this alliance would ever be paid. The next Presidential election is still far ahead, and no one in or out of the States can venture to prophesy, even with an approach to truth, what new complications will arise between this time and that. But as it is one of the most likely things that the policy of the Republican party will continue to favour the elevation of the negroes, so it is one of the least likely things that this policy will ever find strenuous or sincere abettors among the Irish Fenians. If there is one thing in the world that an Irishman in America hates — of course, after the British Government — it is the negro; and, as to being made use of for the purpose of putting the negro on a level with himself, there is as little chance of his deliberately consenting to this as there is of his refusing to promise his assent while any object is to be gained by the simple promise. The value of the promise is known to none better than to American politicians themselves.

The Americans are a practical people, and they like enterprises of a practical nature. Therefore there must be something peculiarly revolting to their tastes in the contemplation of Fenian acts and purposes. Here are several thousands, or hundreds of thousands, of men, who left their own country because they could not prosper in it, and who have settled in a country where every man may prosper who has strong thews and sinews, and will make good use of them. With industry, perseverance, concert, and thrift, the Irish immigrants might by this time have made themselves masters of a territory twice as big as all Ireland. Instead of this, they are hanging about the hotels, quays, and cab-stands of the large cities, doing the dirty work of all industries and of all factions. By this time they might have possessed a larger Meath in Michigan, and a larger Leinster in Pennsylvania, and have had another Ireland all for the Irish in America. But with all their love for the "ould country," they have not given the name of one Irish county or city to any noteworthy district or town in the whole of

North America. They have done nothing for themselves beyond earning the reputation of being good enough to be used as tools, but not good enough to be prized as men. And now, after being foiled in their first attempt, they are talking tall talk about invading the country which they voluntarily left, in order to acquire one-tenth of the quantity of land that they could easily get of far better quality in the country of their adoption. It is not probable that American politicians will be tricked by "high-faluting" words into an admiration of what must strike them as only "ideas," and very childish ideas too. And even if they could otherwise be induced to help the Fenians in getting a perpetual lease of Irish soil without the incumbrance of rent, they would hesitate to aid a cause which must inevitably be wrecked by the dissensions of its leaders. Supposing MAHONY to have shaken hands with ROBERTS, and KILLIAN to have embraced them both, and STEPHENS to have embraced them all, on the eve of their chivalrous expedition, there would still be grounds for apprehension that, unless KILLIAN or ROBERTS or MAHONY were pitched overboard during the voyage, they would all be at each other's throats within twenty-four hours after landing, or that they would surrender STEPHENS to the first English man-of-war they met, if they were not previously sacrificed by STEPHENS for the preservation of his own quiet. A programme which contains possible contingencies of this kind is sufficient to repel the genuine sympathies of even the most anti-English politician in the States.

DEATH OF GENERAL CASS.

HON. LEWIS Cass died at Detroit, Mich., on June 17th, at the age of eighty-three years. His death, following fast upon that of General Scott, sweeps away almost the last, if not the last, of that galaxy of men whose abilities and continuance in public service built up for us a sort of Elizabethan era of our own.

Mr. Cass was born at Exeter, N. H., October 9, 1782, of old Puritan and Revolutionary stock. He studied at the Exeter Academy, made famous by Daniel Webster's pupilage as well as his own, until 1799. His father, who rose to be a major in the Federal army, removed to Wilmington, Del., in 1799, and young Lewis taught there for a while. Then he removed with his parents to Marietta, Ohio, was admitted to the bar, and opened an office at Zanes-

ville in 1802. In 1806 he was elected to the Legislature, and aided in breaking up Burr's great western expedition. He was then made United States Marshal for Ohio. In 1812 he was chosen colonel of the 3d Ohio volunteers in the war with Great Britain, and served with General Hull. He entered Canada, and when Hull made his capitulation, broke his sword in anger. He was exchanged, and made Colonel in the regular army in 1813, and promoted to Brigadier General. He was with Harrison and in the battle of the Thames. Subsequently he was appointed Governor of the Territory of Michigan, with about 5000 white inhabitants. He quieted the Indians by treaty in 1814, and the next year moved to Detroit, where he purchased 500 acres of land. He was made Superintendent over some 40,000 Indians, and secured their confidence and kept the peace. In 1817 he secured the cession of 4,000,000 acres of Indian lands, and in 1819 of 6,000,000 acres more in Michigan, Ohio and Indiana. Schoolcraft's Exploring Expedition was framed by him. In 1821 he extinguished the Indian title in Michigan. By 1831 he had made 19 Indian treaties, and published articles on the Indian races which drew attention to him. In 1831 General Jackson, reconstructing his Cabinet, made General Cass Secretary of War, and the Secretary advocated the removal of the Indians. In 1836 he was sent as Minister to France, where his diplomacy was successful, and the next year he travelled extensively along the coasts of the Mediterranean. He was a friend of Louis Philippe, and signalized himself by assailing the treaty of 1841, which was by his efforts frustrated. The Ashburton treaty led to his resignation. On his return General Cass pronounced in favor of the annexation of Texas, and was a candidate for the Presidency against Mr. Polk in 1844. He was chosen Senator from Michigan in 1845, and took high ground on the Oregon question, opposing the treaty by which the Whigs settled it. The Mexican war followed fast on the heels of this adjustment, and his Nicholson letter of December, 1847, proposed to leave the question of slavery in the States to be acquired from Mexico to be settled by themselves. He then opposed the Wilmot proviso, which he had previously approved. In 1848, he was nominated by the Democrats for President at the Baltimore Convention, but was defeated by Gen. Taylor owing to a secession of Mr. Van Buren's friends in New York. In 1849 he was re-elected by his State to the senatorship,

which he resigned when accepting the nomination for the Presidency. He then argued the doctrine of State instructions to representatives, opposing the Wilmot proviso as unconstitutional.

In 1850 he belonged to Mr. Clay's Compromise Committee, and joined hands with Mr. Webster and other political opponents, though opposed to the clause for rendering back fugitive slaves. He was re-elected to the Senate in 1851, and was again a candidate for the Presidency in 1852, when General Pierce was nominated. When Mr. Douglas introduced the Kansas-Nebraska bill, in 1854, General Cass opposed it, as calculated to renew dangerous difficulties, and only gave his assent when the principles of the Nicholson letter were applied to the new States, leaving them to approve or exclude slavery. The Republican party, organized in opposition to slavery and the principles of this bill, led to his defeat as a Senator from Michigan. He was not a candidate for the Presidency at the Cincinnati Convention in 1856, and was appointed Secretary of State by Mr. Buchanan in 1857. In this position he secured from Great Britain an assent to his theory on the marine right of visit, and transacted much other business of an important character. For the last few years, worn out by age and oppressed with its infirmities, he, like General Scott, whose death is so soon followed by his own, had retired from public notice. In the great emergency of the country, however, the old statesman followed his own judgment rather than party creed, and took strong and high ground in favor of the war. He may not, perhaps, be said to have left his party, and yet his language and opinions framed themselves well into the platform of Union conduct.

General Cass was about the last, if not the very last, of a school of great men which was controlling for a long time. Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Marcy, Buchanan, Everett, Benton, Wright — these and such as these were his competitors, and if he did not stand as chief in such a galaxy, it is certain that he occupied the most distinguished secondary place. He was a man of more than ordinary cultivation, and politics did not wean him from successful attention to literature. In person he was not imposing, and had a heavy and lethargic appearance, which was dispelled only on important occasions. His intimate relations to the affairs of the country for a long period will cause his death to be greatly noticed, though he has so long lived retired from active exertions. — *North American*.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.
THE MURDEROUS NOVEL.

CHARLES READE's novel entitled "Griffith Gaunt"—now passing through successive numbers of the *London Argosy* and the *Atlantic Monthly*—is perhaps the worst of a bad school of romantic literature. Griffith Gaunt, the hero, is an irredeemably bad character; and a serving-maid with whom he carries on a desperate flirtation is almost as bad as he. The story opens with a duel, which is stopped by the sudden appearance of the woman who was the cause of the hostile meeting. Griffith Gaunt afterwards marries this woman, only to make her life wretched through his senseless jealousy. He is a blind, unreasoning fool, who, consumed with jealousy and revenge, commits a dastardly assault upon his wife and a priest, and then flies into a remote part of England, where he falls into a brain-fever. The daughter of an innkeeper nurses him through his illness, and on his recovery he marries her, under an assumed name—thus adding bigamy to the record of his sins and follies as a duellist and a ruffian. Being in want of money he returns to his first wife to get his purse replenished, and at last accounts was in doubt whether to remain with wife No. 1, who had supplied his pecuniary wants, or to forsake her again and return to wife No. 2. The remainder of this personal history will probably reveal still lower depths of infamy.

Griffith Gaunt, in short, is an insufferably mean creature, devoid of all manly sentiments, a prey to the vilest passions, fickle and altogether detestable. Nor are his companions much better. Caroline Ryder, the unwedded mother, who lays traps for her master, is the type of the scheming and immoral woman; and the real wife is a proud and overbearing character, who has but one or two saving qualities. There is a country lover, who is an honest man—but he makes a small figure in the book, being evidently out of place among the male and female scamps by whom he is surrounded. As a book for family reading, therefore, "Griffith Gaunt" is wholly bad—yet respectable publishers issue it, and many respectable persons read it. We advise parents to keep it out of the hands of young people; its effect upon unformed minds would be pernicious.

Another book with a criminal for the central figure is Wilkie Collins's "Armada," just re-published here in book form. This novel, also, has passed through the serials in England and in this country, and probably some thousands of persons whose curiosity has been stimulated are now devouring it.

The leading character—Lydia Gwilt—a foundling, whose first recollections are linked with the public performances of a strolling quack-doctor, dabbles in crime through a long lifetime with a relish which is simply disgusting. Beautiful and winning in her ways, thoroughly heartless, and stopping at no deceit or crime to accomplish her ends, she plays upon men whom she selects as her victims; escapes with her life with great difficulty, after a trial for murder; afterwards attempts to commit suicide; is rescued by one of the two Armadales, whom she afterwards marries, and then lays a plot to kill Armadale No. 2, but when the plot miscarries, herself inhales the subtle poison intended for her victim, writes a farewell letter confessing her guilt, and dies.

There is a sort of justice in the fearful end of this woman—but she and her companions in guilt are all fearfully depraved, and the story had better not have been written. Unlike "Griffith Gaunt," however, "Armada" shows a few gleams of sunlight. One pure woman (Miss Milroy) redeems some of the grossness of its pages; and the two Armadales, each in his way, have a semblance of manhood which is denied to the hero pictured by Charles Reade.

These two books are written by men. A woman, who has achieved sudden fame, is their rival in the path of "sensational" literature. Miss Braddon has a good deal to answer for in the introduction of hideous characters. Her "Lady Audley's Secret" is as bad as any book can be which is not positively revolting. Her portrayal of the character of the heroine reveals a murderer, a syren who debases her gifts to effect vile purposes, a creature utterly destitute of womanly feeling. Lady Audley makes a bad ending, like Miss Gwilt and others of the same sort; but the late atonement does not pardon the sin.

A novel just published by Bentley, in London, entitled "Plain John Opington," by the author of "Lady Flavia," is a three volume story of murder. This book has not yet found its way across the Atlantic, but as it is of the same general character as the "blood-and-thunder" style of novels which are now sold most rapidly, probably some American house will undertake to re-issue it. It seems to be a very bad book. According to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the hero is "a very common-place nineteenth century ruffian of the lowest type." It is added that "the story does not make any higher appeal than to a coarse interest in murder simply as murder." The hero is a ruffian, and the heroine is feeble to the

verge of idiocy. Yet Mr. Bentley is a highly respectable London publisher; and other respectable publishers are found ready to issue stuff like this.

The latest book of the murderous sort is called "Greatheart"—likewise issued in London, in the conventional three-volume style of the English novel. The author is W. Thornbury, and he spices his pages with elaborate details of the operations of two villains, who swear undying enmity to their victim. There is also a duel of a peculiarly bloody pattern. This book is new to English readers, and, as yet, wholly unknown to Americans.

The five books we have mentioned—three of them written by the "popular" novelists, Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins and Miss Braddon—are types of the great class of modern literature which finds the largest number of readers. Shall we add to the list Charles Dickens's "Mutual Friend?" In this last production of the great master of modern novel-writing, such characters as "Rogue" Riderhood are repulsive to the last degree; but in Dickens's writings vice is always made to stand in such marked contrast with virtue that the evil is eclipsed. Dickens has introduced us to Bill Sikes, and Fagan, and Riderhood, but these dark characters invariably form the background upon which are thrown, in strong relief, the purer and sweeter delineations of his matchless pencil. In this trait he differs wholly from the coarser writers, who gloat over scenes of crime, but fail in depicting the gentler natures which Dickens endows with such inimitable grace.

The feeble imitators who follow—at a long distance—in the footsteps of the greater "sensation" novelists, are to be traced through most of the weekly "story papers" of London and New York. Murder, robbery, burglary, incest, poisonings, crimes of every description, run riot through columns of the wretched drivel of these scribblers; and the illustrations which accompany the text are of the lowest order. The following description of these cuts,

which we find in *Macmillan's Magazine*, in an article on "Penny Novels," applies equally to English and American papers of this stamp. The writer is discoursing of the *London Family Journal*, which has an enormous circulation, and whose "illustrations" are certainly of a startling kind:

"We see men dodging each other on dark nights, lurking behind trees, and looking round corners; gypsies in woods are entering into mysterious compacts with gentlemen disguised in huge cloaks; burglars with dark lanterns are prowling in houses; assassins are aiming blows at the backs of unconscious victims; murderers steal into the chambers of sick men; women wake up startled in their beds and listen; ladies listen at doors; young girls are seen flying on the tops of houses from highly-impassioned pursuers; ladies elope with lovers in the dead of night; post-chaises are driven at the gallop in thunder, lightning and rain over lonely moors; women are stabbing women, and offering to shoot men; men hurl each other down trap doors; dead men are carried to the doctor; ladies are oppressed with awful secrets, and faint before the altar at the sight of gentlemen; houses are on fire; duels are a standing institution; mask balls are the order of the day and night; ladies are carried away by force; horses are ever in readiness; there is much drinking, eternal embraces, and ever and everywhere we see hair flying wild and dishevelled in the wind."

It will, perhaps, be said, in defence of the "sensation" novel, that the writer who plays upon the worst chords reveals vice in glaring colors only to make it odious; and that the ultimate triumph of virtue teaches a salutary lesson. But the readers of the latest works of the Reades and Collinses and Braddons will find little or nothing to compensate for the disgust created by pictures which are simply revolting. The morbid appetite which craves such reading should be discouraged, and our publishers can do their part by refusing to issue the books.

A CONUNDRUM.

My first is a Company, p'raps a bubble.
My second's no one, so that's no trouble.
My second is also a lady, yet you
My second knew well as the Pa of a Jew,
A great light of Israel, who might
Indeed be called an Israel-light.
My third you may hear on your road to Eton,
Still going on though thoroughly beaten;

My third you may meet at your grocer's shop,
Like a boy with a plaything my third has a top.

To complete my whole one line I need.
Well, my whole is a puzzle to all who read.
The importance of finding me out isn't vital.
But you'll see what I am up above. I'm the
title.

—Punch.

THE PINE PLAINS OF LONG ISLAND.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

Fire Island Inlet, April 20, 1866.

THE place at which I date my letter is probably as uninteresting a spot as could be found in the habitable part of the earth. As lonely too, and apparently as remote from all the modern inconveniences of civilization. And yet I am but three hours from New York, on the south side of Long Island, which, as I have mentioned before, stretches away from New York a hundred miles eastward. The railway which bisects the narrow island lengthwise passes within five miles of this place, at which distance there is a station called Thompson's, but who Thompson is or was I cannot tell. This railway, after leaving a large village called Jamaica, which is only ten miles from the western or New York end of the island, enters upon the Great Pine Plains. As is usual in such cases, the name has the plural form, but the thing is single, and also singular. It is one vast plain sixty miles long and about seven wide, any one acre of which is the exact counterpart of any other. As you look from the windows of the car on either side, before, behind, you see as far as the eye can reach a dead level, so flat that it seems to have been rolled, and this is thickly covered with a growth of scrub-oak only about as high as a man's knee, among which are sparsely scattered dwarf pines from six to ten feet high. No houses appear near the railway, except at the stopping places, which are at intervals of from three to six miles. You see by the railway cutting that the soil is very light and gravelly, and as it is very light in colour as well as in substance, the narrow roads, which stretch away in right lines through what would be the under-brush, if there were any trees above it, look like chalk marks upon a black board. You soon get weary of a prospect which is as monotonous as a desert or the sea in a dead calm, and turn to your book; but as to your twenty or thirty fellow-passengers, you see only the backs of the heads of those who sit before you, as those who sit behind you only see the back of yours. You get out to stretch your legs at a station, and find a small cluster of little square, formless houses, neat and cheerless, comfortable doubtless inside, but most forbidding in their bare and sharp-edged newness without. If you step upon the track and look along it, you find in real life an example of the vanishing point

in perspective. So perfectly straight and level is the road, that the two lines of rails, only four feet apart, stretch directly out before you, converging inappreciably until they become one to your eye upon the horizon. It was my first sight of the Pine Plains, and I must say that never was my eye so wearied with monotony. What a desert may be I do not know, but even a prairie rolls. After thirty miles of the rail, I take, not a stage-coach, but a stage-wagon, a long, flat, shallow vehicle on four wheels, with wooden springs, six hard sling seats, holding two each, besides the driver's, a flat top like a black awning supported by hickory rods, and drawn by two white horses, which ere the journey is over transfer no small part of their coats to those of the passengers. Of these there are only two besides myself. They live in this part of the world, and after a little commonplace chat among us all, the two fall into conversation about their own affairs, and their talk is of potatoes, turnips, and cauliflower. I was struck by the purity of their English, and the entire absence of that sharp nasal tone which is generally the mark with us at once of New England origin and, to a certain degree, of uneducated rusticity, and which is therefore heard so often in fine houses in our Eastern cities, which are filled with uneducated country people who have become rich. I have noticed the agreeable absence of this twang among the people generally here, which, as they are a community of small farmers and fishermen, I am at a loss to account for. We drove on through the plains over a road so narrow that the twigs of scrub-oak brushed the wheels on both sides as we passed, and as there were no fences to be seen, it seemed as if we were driving over a path through some vast and desolate domain. The main road is, however, wider. We passed two places where fire had left its mark, for the dry bush upon these plains not unfrequently takes fire and burns until the flames are stopped by a road, the shrub being so low that unless there is a very high wind the flames will not cross even a very narrow cutting. This land is easily cultivated, and although it needs high manuring, unlike cold clayey soils, it takes kindly to enrichment, and gives back with interest all, whether in manure or labour, that is spent upon it. Wheat, Indian corn, and grass make good crops, but potatoes, turnips, and small fruits, strawberries and the like, are produced here in great perfection. And yet here lie the plains before you, seemingly uninhabited, needing only fire to clear them and make them ready for the

plough, within three hours of New York by wagon and rail, but unoccupied, and almost worthless. For land has been sold here very recently at four dollars an acre, and the demand even at that price is very small. Why this is I have not yet been able to discover. At the village near, which is on an old seashore road, and on the farms along that road, land is worth two hundred dollars an acre. The land is the same exactly, for any one shovelful of soil answers to any other over the whole of the plain; and as to distance from market, the cheaper land lies nearer to the railway. If any of my readers would like to come here and have a farm within three hours of the third city in the world, where farm, garden, and dairy produce bring London prices, they can have thousands of acres here which, when cleared, would cost them only about a guinea an acre. The place is proverbially healthy, too, and lies exposed to the soft, moist, south-west sea breeze. [*Mem.*—I have no land for sale here, don't own an acre, and I would not live in such a flat country to own the whole plain.] In our drive of five miles to the village we passed but four houses, and saw no others in the distance, and but for a telegraph line which followed the road, we might have supposed that we were cut off from communication with civilization. Before one of these houses, little, square, wooden, and new, I saw that a board was hanging upon one of the telegraph posts. I supposed that it was probably an advertisement, that the land was for sale, or perhaps a sign announcing entertainment for man and beast, though where the beast was to go I could not guess, for there was not an outhouse to be seen, nor was there fence, or garden patch, or outwork of any kind—just the sharp, square house, dropped there upon a little clearing. Imagine my astonishment, when we came abreast the board, at reading, “E. Cheron, French Tailor.” There was not another human habitation within a mile.

At the village, only two miles and a half beyond, what a change! A broad well kept village street, fields just ploughed, or green with the sprouting wheat, snug old farm-houses, many of them with their walls covered with cedar shingles like a roof, and all surrounded with the signs of rustic comfort. At the door of the unpretending and inviting inn, which they will call a hotel, the landlord stands to welcome me his solitary guest—a very rare attention now in this country. He is a tall, strong, hard-featured, healthy-hued man, who seems about fifty, but who tells me in the course of the evening that it is

“too late in life for him to take hold of anybody except good-naturedly, for he is sixty-six.” In spite of his age, however, I should not like to have him “take hold” of me. He leads me through one long low room to another, also long and low, and plainly wainscoted about four feet high in pine. There sits my hostess, his wife, decent in calico gown and checked apron, but wearing gold spectacles, for the good people are well to do, and the mild-mannered dame could better afford to wear silk than hundreds of those who daily flaunt it in my eyes. I wish that some of them would spend the time and money they give to the art and mystery of getting and wearing silk dresses, to learning to speak English with the easy flow and purity of accent that mark her speech, if that can be said to be marked which attracts attention only by its simplicity and naturalness. It was after six o'clock when I arrived, and as I sat chatting with the old people I suddenly heard what seemed to be a game at ninepins in the next room played by a powerful bowler. In a moment or two, however, I discovered that it was a waitersetting the table, and that as he stamped around upon the uncovered boards and flung the heavy plates upon the table, he had produced the sound which I took for an instant for bowling. I asked to go to my room, and the landlord's son appeared, and taking my bag and umbrella showed me the way,—a most unusual service. For supper, fish and oysters, that a little while before were in the creek that runs up in sight of the dining-room windows, with other comfortable creatures, but also with two abominations, hot bread and green tea. From the latter, however, I take refuge in the milk-jug. There are just a dozen people at table, all plainly Yankees, and “natives” except two young roguish officers from a revenue cutter and myself. I expect to see the viands bolted in silence and the bolters disappear. On the contrary, there is a good deal of pleasant chat, and very much more deliberation than (I beg pardon, for I am not at home here, I know) I noticed in a young Englishman, belonging at least to the educated classes, who dined opposite to me last week in Washington, and whom I found after dinner quite at leisure in the parlour. He, however, was an exception in this respect, although not in intelligence, to the Englishmen whom I had the pleasure of meeting in Washington. I expected to find the people here, in a large proportion at least, of Dutch descent, for Long Island was a part of New Amsterdam, but they are almost all of them Yankees. I had read the

sore complaints of the Dutch that the English from Connecticut came over to Long Island — Nassau, as they called it — and got on so rapidly that they threatened to supersede the original settlers; I did not know, nor is it, I believe, generally known, how nearly all traces of the Dutch rule have faded away, even in the remotest parts of the island. There exist, however, in some of the old farmhouses remnants of pure Dutch blood and unmitigated Dutch traits of character. The chief of these is slowness, and an indisposition to fall into modern ways of working and living. A friend of mine, a Yankee farmer, who lives on the island, told me of a droll example of this old-fogyism. A neighbour of his, a widow, of an old Dutch family, known to be wealthy as farmer folk go, asked him to lend her a thousand dollars for a special purpose. Certainly he would lend it to her, but he knew her well enough to ask her why she should be in need of ready money, and this led into a little inquiry into her affairs, in the course of which she mentioned a legacy of about

5,000 dols. in money, which had fallen to her many years before. He asked what she had done with it. "Oh! it was at home." "At home, where?" "Oh! up stairs in Aunt Dederica's bed-room. She thought she had better leave it just where it always had been; it was safe." Upon examination this amount and more was found in the said room, stowed away under the bed, in pipkins, bowls, ewers, and other domestic concavities. It consisted chiefly of silver coin, of various nations, most of which was many generations old. It was with some difficulty that the owner of this little treasure was induced to put a part of it to present use, and to trust the remainder to the keeping of a bank. The incident was not characteristic of an individual, but of a race — the Long Island Dutchman, who are among the slowest, thickest-headed, and most grasping of human creatures. They have almost disappeared before the Yankees by assimilation, and absorption, and in another generation will have vanished for ever. A YANKEE.

MRS. GRUNDY ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

AN! drat the nasty foreigners; there's always some new bother,
Some fresh to-do or piece of work with one of 'em or t'other.
And with the very words for which I haven't common patience,
I can't abear to hear about what's called their complications.

Oh, dear me!

What a blessed world without 'em this would be!

I do despise their questions that's awaitin' a solution,
And talk about that good-for-nothin' Federal execution;
I wish they'd execute them there as causes all the bobbery,
And hang the criminals which planned the murder and the robbery.

Oh, dear me! &c.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite, each other's blood a spillin';
Let bears and lions growl and fight as much as they are willin':
But what consarns us is their wars puts we to sitch expenses,
For Hironclads and Harmstrong guns and all them there defences.

Oh, dear me! &c.

With all the forces they maintains, them filthy foreign nations

Would soon be down on England but for England's preparations.

And if they dragged us into war in spite of our objection,

The duty upon tea would rise — that's always my reflection.

Oh, dear me! &c.

Their squabbles sends the funds down, and I'm told the loss is shocking;

But all the stock as I got is invested in a stock-in-g,

Where thieves can't find — for we've birds too of that spread-eagle feather:

But English people ain't, like some, a lot of thieves together.

Oh, dear me! &c.

The French it was at one time, at another 'twas the Rooshians;

And now the rampus is between the Austrians and Prooshans.

Adrabbit 'em! I can't find words to say how I do hate 'em all;

I wish there was some powder, like, or stuff to extirpate 'em all!

Oh, dear me! &c.

— Punch.